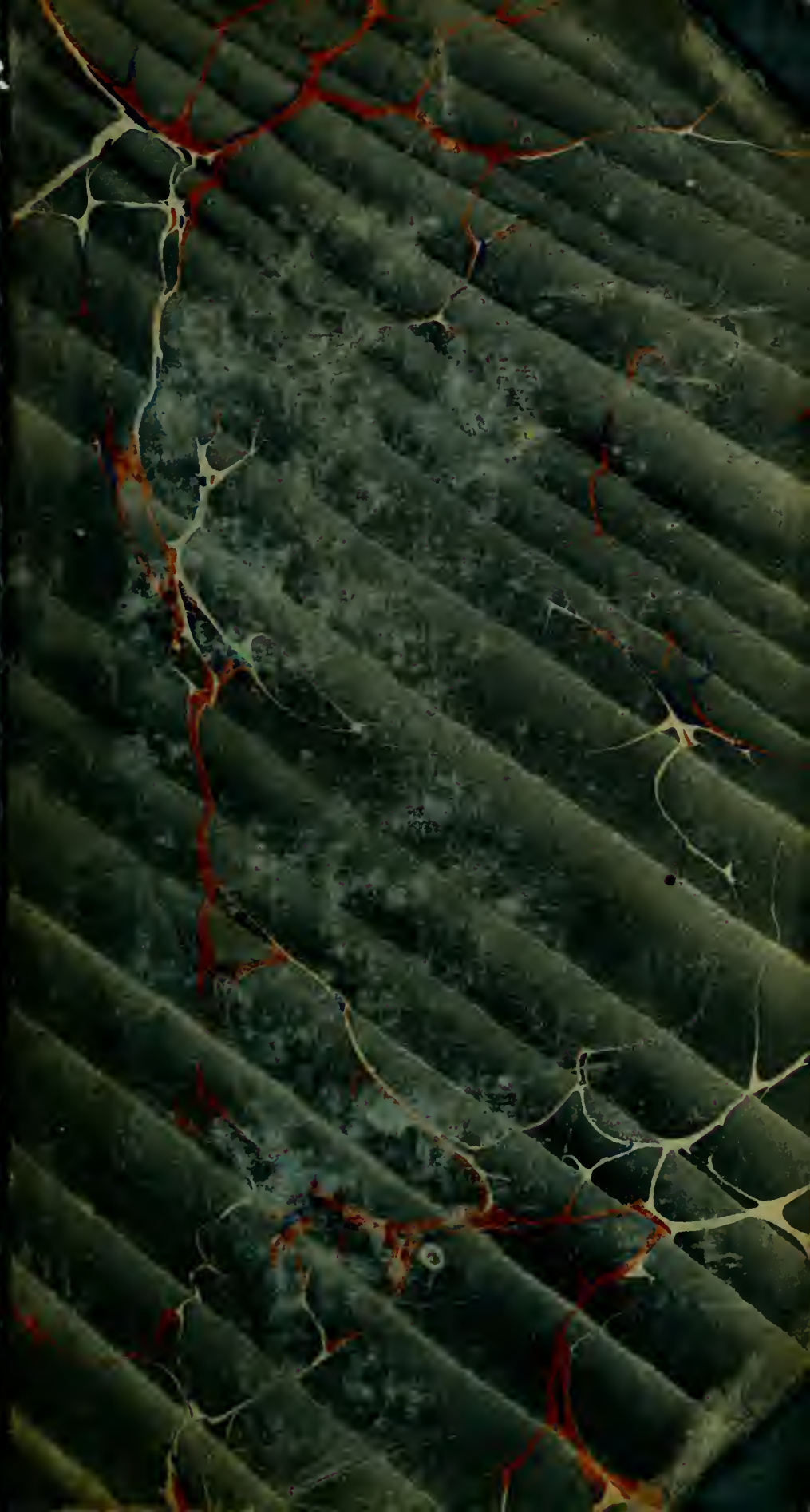


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THE  
ABDUCTION;

OR, THE  
ADVENTURES

OF  
MAJOR SARNEY:

A STORY OF THE TIMES OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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# THE ABDUCTION.

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## CHAPTER I.

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Queen Anne is lately dead of a dropsy in Denmark-house, which is held to be one of the fatal events which followed the last fearful Comet.—*Howell's Letters.*

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Soon after the apprehension of the conspirators, whose daring designs upon the life of the Duke of Ormond and the Castle of Dublin had been so opportunely frustrated, such of them as were deemed the most guilty were brought to trial for the crime of treason, or as the bills of indictment set forth, “for conspiring to levy war and surprise forts,” when four were found guilty and executed. Of these, two had been Colonels, and one a Major in the Parliamentary army. The fourth was a fanatical preacher of the name of Zachary Lackie, who upon his

trial, as profound historians do aver, feigned himself mad. But as an imputation of so grave a character ought not to stain the memory of the defunct traitor, if unfounded, we deemed it our duty, for the information of the public, to investigate it with our wonted impartiality; and after perusing the Irish chronicles and state papers of that period, we give it as our sincere and conscientious opinion, that the unfortunate preacher, so far from having been guilty of *feigning* himself mad, was *non compos mentis* in reality.

Of those who escaped, Major Sarney, as the reader knows, was one, whose fortunes it is now requisite to follow a little further.

From the time of his arrival in London with the elder infant of Lord Macdonnell, he had chiefly resided with Father Venzani the jesuit, at his house in Austin Friars; and his time had been principally employed in endeavouring, through his influence with the Duke of Buckingham, to procure the king's pardon for his conduct in the Irish conspiracy, and the restoration of his estates in that kingdom.

Venzani was duly apprized of all the proceedings in Ireland as we have narrated them. He was informed of the frequent interviews of Sir Ludowic Kennedy with the object of his

affections—of the machinations of Workington and O’Gorman to defeat his intentions towards the Lady Mary—of the failure of their exertions—and to increase his mortification still more, he had been informed of the fatal result of the outrage upon Reynolds.

Each succeeding letter from his Irish emissaries contained gall and wormwood to his hopes. All their plans had been defeated. The stars seemed to fight against them; and the nearer their original project arrived at maturity, some unforeseen difficulty started up to mar it. A party of dragoons was now stationed at Tullybogue, another at Coolmaddy-chase; and a third, as if some clue had been obtained to their designs, was quartered at the Priory in the vicinity of Baldunaven castle.

What was now to be done? What fresh instructions were to be transmitted to Ireland? How could the aspiring scion of the Kennedies be removed? How could the Lady Dowager be gained over, and how could her daughter, who manifested such rebellious symptoms, be induced or compelled to second the wishes of her elder brother? These were the questions that flashed all at once over the brooding mind of the Jesuit, and they were questions too, on

the response to which the whole fabric of the plot rested.

Those who promoted the views of Father Gerald, the late Lord, never entertained a doubt that the possessions of the house of Macdonnell could only be secured in the way intended, either by the Lady Mary being espoused to one of her own faith, or by her taking the veil, and placing herself under the control of her elder brother, and those persons in whom he confided. True it was that the Lady Dowager had stated it as her intention to devote her daughter to religious seclusion; but the good Fathers did not know how far this resolve might be congenial to the sentiments of the intended devotee. It was also true that their schemes *might* be frustrated in the event of the death of Lady Louis Macdonnell, and the second marriage of his Lordship; and that the same result might follow the restoration of her Ladyship's health, or the discovery of the children. But these were occurrences which they were willing to hazard.

As a dernier expedient, Felix O'Gorman was fixed upon as the knight of the golden cross, who was to enter the tilt-yard and gain the prize. He was not only to woo but he was



to wed—not only to win the affections of the Lady Mary by superior gallantry, but he was to lay claim to his fair cousin's hand as his reward; and according to the rules of Connaught chivalry, his claim was to be seconded by all the influence of Lord Gerald, and such others of the Catholic nobility and clergy as had access to the Lady Dowager.

Felix, O! happy man, was the man after their own hearts. He was the pink of gallantry—the star of the morning—the beacon to the despairing and stray mariners—the dove with the olive leaf, that gave their hopes a resting-place. He grasped at the project with a celerity that showed how anxious he was to do God, the church, and himself, good service. Poor, proud, priest-ridden, and dependant—a gentleman and an esquire without a rood of land—a Milesian, in whose veins mantled the blood of kings Ollam Fodlah and Brian Baromhe, but in whose purse a king's coin had rarely shone—a sort of monk secular, whose monastery was the castles, and whose altar the tables and the firesides of the rich laity, he most readily joined in a scheme which he saw could not fail to prove advantageous to himself.

But upon what pretensions could Felix O'Gorman solicit the hand and the heart of the Lady

Mary? He had not only seldom seen her; but he was fortuneless, and unblessed with talents to gain one sufficient to maintain a wife in a humble sphere, much less in that rank to which by birth the Lady Mary was entitled. It is true that in the event of the estates of Lord Macdonnell falling into the possession of his intended bride, or her elder brother, her fortune would be ample, and his prospects surpassingly brilliant. But could this expectancy, far in the vista of futurity, be urged as an argument in favour of the union? Was the Lady Mary to be courted with her own reversionary dowry; and was he to gain her affections by reading her brother's last will, and pointing to his coronet at the matrimonial altar?

In this distressing dilemma—in this purgatory between passion and poverty—the practicability of recovering his uncle's forfeited estate came to be considered. O'Gorman, as well as Venzani, knew the value of a golden shower; and they conceived that this property, if restored, would be a powerful charm to hold up to the affections of his fair cousin in the one hand, while he offered her his heart with the other. Hence came the exemplification of the Latin adage on the person and hereditaments of Walter Reynolds—" *Qui jacet in terram, non habet*

*unde cadat*;" which in Connaught was translated, "He who lies in the *grave*, cannot *lie* lower." The attempt however failed, and consequently other measures had to be resorted to.

These difficulties were again and again considered by Father Venzani in London—his Irish letters, which contained the latest intelligence, again and again perused; and the whole case discussed inch by inch, by his reverence and Major Sarney, over a three-stooped flaggon of Canary, at the lodging of the former in Austin Friars.

"Might not this gentle maiden be impressed in so good a cause?" enquired the Jesuit, as he passed the wine to his friend—"might not a trig felucca and a few trusty O'Gormans bear the fair nymph, on the blue bosom of the Shannon, out of the reach of this valiant trooper of the King's county?"

"Doughtier deeds have been done in Connaught, Father," answered the Major.

"And peradventure the cavalier Felix might become the happy Paris in such exploit. She is to us a perverse damosel, and——"

The interesting colloquy here begun was abruptly put a stop to by the entrance of the good Father's *femme de charge*, crossing herself with frantic fervour, wringing her hands, and

exclaiming "The curse of the blessed martyrs is come on this heretic city at last!—Our Mother betide us!—the flames are at the door!" How the housekeeper should rave in this way, requires some explanation.

The afternoon on which Sarney and Venzani sat debating the affairs of the house of Macdonnell over their canary, was that of the first day of the "Great Fire of London." Early in the morning, as the Major was proceeding along the bridge, he saw the flames bursting from a house situated in a narrow and filthy lane in the purlieu of Billingsgate. The plague had ravaged the place the previous year, and the inhabitants who had escaped were beginning to forget their sins, and hatch fresh infection for some succeeding summer; when the fire, as the soldier conceived, was providentially sent to arrest their benevolent intentions. It raged, however, with considerable fury among the dry wooden houses of the lane, rendered more ignitable by the pitch with which it was customary to besmear them. But as the fire began to spread beyond the boundaries of Billingsgate, the citizens in other quarters began to feel alarmed; and before the morning had far advanced, or much property been saved, the greater part of Gracechurch-street was in ashes.



As the day advanced, the flames flew before the wind, but, nevertheless, the Major did not deem it prudent to throw himself unnecessarily into a crowd, and had despatched the servant to bring accurate information as to their progress. Her representations were such as awakened curiosity, and he and the Jesuit sallied forth in the direction of the bridge. They had not walked far, before they beheld abundant evidence of the devastation committed, and the consternation produced on all classes. From the bridge to Black-friars, the whole intermediate space, as far from the river, in most places, as Watling-street and Ludgate-hill—with all the houses, timber-wharfs, work-shops, granaries, stores, wine, brandy, and oil-cellars, coal-wharfs and coal-barges, were in one dreadful conflagration. The Thames itself seemed a fiery lake, from the number of burning rafters, lighters, and boats of all kinds, that floated on its surface. It was ebb-tide too, at this instant, and as these burned their moorings, or otherwise got disentangled from the wharfs, they were hurried down the current like so many moving islands of fire, dashing, sometimes, with awful concussion on the piers of the bridge, where, fortunately, many of them sunk, amid the boiling

surge and vapour which their own intense heat raised, hissing above the surface of the stream.

Where the flames raged most furiously, the streets and lanes were so narrow, that few of them admitted a wheel carriage, and in many, the windows of the opposite houses, in the different floors, juttred so far over the narrow path below, that it was an easy matter, and a common practice, to step out by these apertures from house to house, and from street to street. The materials of these buildings being exclusively of wood, long parched in the sun, and rendered more combustible by oil and pitch—rosin without, and grease within, were better suited for burning than any other purpose. They caught the flames, and transmitted them like dry heath in a March wind—one house after another, street after street, church after church, parish after parish, as if houses, streets, churches, parishes, and every sort of property, had been play-things; and as if a new city had been ready built for the poor, destitute, and houseless wretches, who were driven for shelter to the fields—their beds the dank grass, their coverlet the canopy of Heaven, and their domestic comforts the dews of night, and the coarse, dry, musty biscuit



of the King's stores. Kindred of the sirloin! —germs of the plumb-pudding! far away were thy comforts!

Terrible as the conflagration was during the day-time, it was much more appalling throughout the night. The east wind\*, ever since deemed a blast malign by good denizen of London, began to blow fresher, spreading the remorseless element with greater fury. It was in vain to attempt arresting the flames by water. It raged too triumphantly for this; the intense heat, alone, driving back the spectators to a considerable distance. Towards the second morning, however, it received some check from the range of buildings on the east side of the Temple. These being wholly of brick, had the effect of turning the tide of the

\* A pious recorder of this event speaks of this ominous wind as follows. "In cometh now the east-wind, to play its part in this tragedy. That unfortunate wind, of which it is commonly said, that it is neither good for man nor beast, did blow with such a wonderful fierceness all the time, that it did not only quicken, as bellows do the furnaces, but also getting into the streets, and among the houses, when it found any let or hindrance that did recoil it back, it blew equally both to the right and the left, and caused the fire to burn on all sides, *which hath persuaded many that this fire was miraculous*. I myself remember that going into some streets, at that time, and having the wind *impetuously* in my face, I was in hope, that at my return, I should have it in my back, *but it was all one for the reason aforesaid*."—HARLEIAN MSS.

flames, and sending them in unabated fury along Fleet-street, Shoe-lane, and towards Holborn.

In every part where the Major turned his eye, horror and desolation presented themselves. The wail of the wretched rose higher than the crackling of the conflagration; and the bustling, impatient, and frenzied looks of the people employed in emptying the yet unconsumed houses of their valuables, formed a strange contrast to the sullen and dejected stare of those whose *all* had perished. Thieves also were upon the wing, carrying off such portable commodities as they could find; and bands of low artisans from the suburbs, from Westminster, Southwark, and all places adjacent, were seen prowling about, insulting whoever they met, and huzzaing, in drunken glory, over the contents of some wine-pipe or brandy-keg, which had been saved, at the imminent risk of life, perhaps, only to be spilled and plundered by these marauders. Some wandered about like maniacs, lamenting their losses, and seeking lost relatives and friends; others called upon the Almighty to take their lives, since he had bereft them of all that was worth living for. Mothers bore about the streets infants of the tenderest age, without

knowing whither to betake them; and children were heard calling upon sisters, brothers, and parents, in all the agonies of grief and despair.

In the midst of this scene, the King and the Duke of York were most conspicuous. Attended by a party of the life-guards, they were at every point where their presence could be useful, giving directions to such as were employed in conveying the property that was saved, or in demolishing such buildings as might stop the progress of the flames. Sometimes a cry of "The King and the guards," would suddenly dispel the revellers round a wine-cask in one corner—make a weaver, from Spitalfields, toss from his shoulder a flitch of bacon or Glo'ster cheese—impel a freeholder of the Borough to dismantle himself of a bale of cloth or roll of silk—and induce a pilferer, of more experienced habits, to dart hastily down some narrow alley, where, no doubt, he considered himself secure. In other parts of the city would be heard the loud shouts, "Down with the papists—To Tyburn with the mass-rogues—'Tis they ha' fir'd us!" and in fulfilment of these commands, some poor wretch of that persuasion, or, at least, some one who had refused to "damn the Pope,"

would be seen dragged and pelted by the rabble, till he was either relieved by the military, or by death putting an end to his sufferings! In some streets, also, would be seen a hapless Frenchman or Dutchman, or other foreigner, receiving similar treatment; merely because their high-mightinesses, the mob, were also pleased to attribute the fire to their agency. In short, these vulgar prejudices were not confined to the lower orders; for although the King and his guards interfered, to protect the unhappy persons on whom the populace fixed, yet were they, by royal command, invariably sent to prison, till they should be examined as to the truth of these charges.

Over this awful drama, the September moon sailed in melancholy grandeur, lending her pale beams to mark more distinctly the smoking ruins of the city, and lighting the houseless and the hungry to an asylum in the fields. Sometimes, indeed, her light was obscured with thick, pitchy, and sulphurous clouds, and at other times, it was shorn of its native lustre, by the towering forked flames of the conflagration.

During the greater part of the night, Sarney had rambled from place to place, lending assistance to all that required it, till he lost his



companion in the throng. It was approaching the dawn, before he reflected that Austin Friars might have encountered the destructive element. As he directed his course homewards, he met, about the middle of Basinghall-street, a crowd of persons, many of them women and boys, dragging some object of their vengeance towards Guildhall. He looked at the unfortunate man with pity. They were treating him in the most merciless and unfeeling manner; and he consequently felt a strong desire to render him relief. He was in the act of weighing his own single-handed strength with the rabble, of which not above seven or eight men, in all, took any active part, when, to his surprise, who should he recognise in the swarthy sullen features of the culprit, but his quondam friend and commander, Mynheer Slyphes Dordrecht.

Not one moment did he hesitate in unsheathing his sword—dashing through the loose stragglers—and commanding the leaders of the assault instantly to unhand their prisoner, at their peril.

It was a fortunate circumstance for our soldado that neither stones nor brick-bats, the weapons of valiant artificers in all ages, could be readily obtained in the place where he was,

otherwise he might have repented his rashness. As it was, he had two or three quarter-staves and the mud of the street to contend with, in addition to the indignation of the females who showered upon him all the choice epithets of execration with which the happy vocabulary of the period furnished them. "Shoot the papist knave—hang the Dutch spy on the sign-beam—to Newgate wi' the mad loon—threatens he any o' his mass tricks i' the city," and a thousand such terms of incentive were poured out on all sides. The quarter-staves of the men he soon subdued, who when they saw the glittering blade of the soldier, unloosed the schipper and fled. But the tongues of the women were not so easily silenced. As they continued to vent their abuse the crowd increased, and speedily fresh combatants joined in the array against him. The attack was renewed, and although the Major continued to lay about him lustily, still he was fairly surrounded, and unable to defend himself without having recourse to the sharper edge of his weapon. At this juncture, however, in rushed Dordrecht, and two or three of his sailors, armed with the balustrades of a staircase which they had pulled down in the emergency, who once more beat back the rabble. But there was no room



left for escape—their antagonists momentarily increased, and the yells and screams of the females urged them to the attack. Nevertheless they kept their ground, and levelled to the kennel whoever had the daring to come within their reach.

By this time many a stalwart citizen and shoemaker lay prostrate in the dust—many a spruce, jaunty, and heroic personage in his Sunday's coat and Saturday's apron had kissed the pavement; and many a sturdy blacksmith, coal-heaver, and waggoner, of no mean importance in their own sphere, had received passports to the hospital, and made burdens on the parish. But for all this, it is hard to say what might have been the result, especially as two of the sailors were nearly disabled, and the Major himself had received a blow on the head from some vengeful housemaid in the attics, had not the guards, with Charles at their head, come up and put an end to the affray.

“How is this, my good citizens,” said the monarch, “that you must further distract this dreadful scene with party broils upon our streets?”

“An't please your Majesty,” answered Sarney, “these people were dragging this man in the most inhuman manner, for some

imaginary offence, when I interfered for his rescue."

"And who is the man—of what country is he?" further enquired the king.

"He's a foreign papist, please your majesty—he's an incendiary Dutchman wi' a burning match in his tinder-box, your majesty," uttered a hundred jarring voices at once.

"Keep back, my good people," said Charles, as he observed the mob ready once more to rush upon their victim, and beckoning to the soldiers at the same time to keep a clearer space—"keep back, my good people—what countryman is your friend?" interrogated he the Major once more.

"My liege," replied Sarney, "he's an honest Dutch schipper who hath long traded to your majesty's seaports from various countries, of the name of Dordrecht—as inoffensive a man as lives in your majesty's dominions."

"Thou speak'st a good report of him, we trow," rejoined the King; "an', by ourself, with a right gentlemanly bearing too. Who art thou, soldier, for so we take thee to be?"

"My liege, I'm but the remains of a soldier, one of your majesty's disbanded Scottish fencibles."

"And thy name, Scot?" enquired the monarch.

“Gamaliel Lindsay, an’t please your majesty.”

“An old soldado of Argyle’s, but a loyal knave nevertheless, ha?”

“Ay, poor and loyal, my liege.”

“And impudent, methinks,” observed the King, *sub silentio*, as it were. “Well,” continued he, “thou shalt be taken care of, Scot,” and he gave some brief commands to his attendants, and rode off amid the cheers of the now half-pacified multitude.

It was necessary to protect our hero and his assistants from any new paroxysm of popular feeling, and they were accordingly marched under an escort to a strong room in one of the out-buildings of Guildhall, and as it were *fully* committed for the present.

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CHAPTER II.

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The Devil may walk up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to fight him with any where.

*Horwell's Lamentations.*

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VENZANI had separated from his friend at an early hour of the night. He had seen the fate of one of his sect, and felt no desire to anathematise his Holiness of Rome, or run the gauntlet through a mob in London. Austin Friars he found untouched by the flames, and he waited till a late hour Sarney's return. As the morning flew past, and no intelligence of him had been received, the reverend father began to be apprehensive that some accident had happened him among the populace. He rose therefore with the dawn, and went in search of him.

The conflagration was still making dreadful strides. The whole of the Poultry, Cheapside, St. Paul's Church-yard, Paternoster-row, and several of the intersecting streets to the

northward, being now one mass of smoking embers. He first betook himself in the direction of Moorfields—sallied along towards Whitecross-street, with the intention of ascertaining how far the fire had reached in that quarter, and if his friend might not be found among those employed in stemming its progress. He had reached the end of Fore-street, when a crowd approached him, in the midst of which, escorted by a small party of the guards, did he descry the Major and a number of other persons in custody, and marching off as it were to gaol. They anon recognised each other, which was done by a slight nod; because it would have been dangerous in Venzani to have claimed an acquaintance with the prisoner publicly, and in the view of the crowd who followed venting the vilest execrations on all “papists, spies, foreign knaves,” and other objects of their hate or suspicion.

The temporary guard-house in which the Major and the four Dutchmen had been confined was a brick-vaulted apartment, lighted with a solitary candle, and aired, if we may say so, by a small close-grated window at the extreme end opposite the door. On each side of the room were a number of low forms, on which sat or reclined about a dozen persons, who had been appre-



hended on suspicion of being concerned in the burning of the city. Of these, some were English and Irish Catholics, some Jews, and some natives of different foreign countries. All of them bewailed their several hardships, and the cruel manner in which they had been treated by the populace, in different languages, and with less or more gesture and noise, as anger or grief prompted. Their forlorn looks, scratched and bleeding faces, and ragged apparel, torn into shreds by the rabble in the cause of justice, gave the place the appearance of the corridor or day-gallery of a mad-house, where each individual had a complaint, an infuriated stare, or a pitiful aspect, peculiar to the nature of his disorder. This appearance was rendered more hideous by the faint rays of the rush-light, and by the otherwise dark and sombre walls of the strong room.

It was in this *cachot*, however, that Sarney and the schipper addressed each other for the first time. Hitherto they had not interchanged a word ; for the schipper had not even recognised his deliverer. He seemed enveloped and lost in a dense fog. His mind appeared to have lost its reckoning. There was a flash of sulky defiance in his looks—a dogged determination to bear the worst of it, without the distortion



of a muscle—a silent and fixed resolution to stand by the rudder to the last, and even brow-beat the overwhelming tenth-wave that should say, “Dordrecht, thy hour is come.” He walked among the prisoners, with his hands in their usual position, as if he had been pacing the deck of the *Heiden Vrouw*, after weathering a hard “north-wester,” his eye fixed upon the ground, from which it was never for a moment raised, till he was fairly over the threshold of the dungeon. When ushered thither he made an involuntary halt, as if he had discovered himself to be in some unknown regions, and heard the screams of the *kwel-duivel*, or imps of darkness, before he was conscious of his trusty schooner having foundered and gone down.

While in this state of bewilderment, he was saluted by Sarney with a smart fillip on the shoulder, and “So, ho, schipper! we’ve weathered this gale too, and not much worse in our timbers either, old boy.”

The amazed commander of the *Heiden Vrouw* gave a lurch at this unexpected salutation, as if he had been struck by a Bay-of-Biscay breaker, and turning about, and gazing upon the Major for a second or two, he extricated his hard fingers from his *zakkens*, and

thanked his deliverer with a hearty shake of the hand, adding, “Mein God! Mynheer Dlindsay, you hebben been mein ver goed angel—you hebben saave me vrom teen thouseen debbels, schelms—vrom een janhagel, moordenaars, hoershs, that vould al hang me. Verfoeisel! ach!”

Although Slyphes was here deprived of one of his chief sources of consolation, his trusty and well-beloved gardevein, the only elixir that unloosed a tongue long habituated to sloth, and otherwise a rare hater of loquacity; and although substitute for the said gardevein there was none—no not even a whiff of tobacco—yet was he induced, for once, to forget his comforts; and communicate to Mynheer Dlindsay the circumstances which had brought him in collision with the populace.

Dordrecht, it would appear, attended by his first mate, his second mate, and his boatswain, left the Heiden Vrouw at her moorings at Blackwall, attracted by curiosity to the city, to ascertain the extent of the fire, of which rumour spoke so alarmingly. They had strolled about most of the afternoon, till they found it too late to return to the schooner, especially as they could, at small cost, spend the night in the house of Hans Knickerbok, a countryman

of their own, an old mariner besides, and as keen a “smockeler” in his day as ever steered a dogger in the deep sea, who kept a house of entertainment, under the sign of the “Jolly Waterman,” in High-Holborn.

The schipper and his mates were kindly received by Hans their countryman; so that, after interchanging about some half dozen of sentences with one another, as to the rates of freight, brandy-wijn, and ginever, and supping upon the head and shoulders of a dried and spiced salmon, once an inhabitant of the waters of the Voorm, they betook themselves to the more philosophical part of the duties of the night—that is to say, they ordered a plentiful allowance of cannaster tabac and Gravenhagen pipes, and twee flesje or bottles of unsunned hollandsh, the last merely to serve as an accompaniment to the sublime and imaginative luxury of smoking.

Here was the commander seated in the midst of his officers, when the hour of two in the morning told him it was time to take a short nap on the chairs of the parlour, and which was now excellently adapted for that purpose, from the dense odoriferous clouds that served like enchanted cloaks to screen each man from his fellow. The honest sailors were draining

the last *fless* of the third supply, and Slyphes was leisurely shaking the ashes from his pipe before stretching himself on the boards, when a tremendous shout was heard in front of the house, followed by a blow upon the outer door, as if imparted by a sledge-hammer or battering-ram, succeeded by a second shout and another stroke, which as it made the schipper's empty bottles reel on the floor, forced the door itself to start from its hinges and bolts to the centre of the passage.

In rushed the mob, like old Thames in a spring-tide through the narrow arches of London's famous bridge, and the hostelry of Hans Knickerbok soon rang from top to bottom with "Burn out the foreign knaves—to Tyburn wi' the spies—huzza! to Tyburn, to Tyburn, citizens!" and various similar menaces.

Mynheer Slyphes Dordrecht had seen enough of burning houses throughout the day to have any desire to behold the one in which he intended to sleep in the same state; but, when the word "Tyburn" caught his ear, he was as much thunderstruck as if he had heard of the Heiden Vrouw being blown up in the air.

"Tyburn!" muttered the schipper, "deze be the Galje, the Galgeveld, the hang-gallows, mein God! Duiveltje, ach!" and having so



said, he quietly slipped his Gravenhagen pipe down upon the table—fixed his old, brown, broad, slouched hat firmer on his sconce, and opening the lattice of the parlour window, which fortunately was on the ground floor, he walked coolly and deliberately off by the back area, with his hands in his zakkens, and followed by his valiant mates and boatswain aforesaid.

“ So far favourably has the *zeilen* blown,” thought the schipper, (for he did not *say* it) as he escaped the threats and yells of the citizens. Providential it certainly was ; for Dordrecht had not been gone above a minute, when the populace who had burst open the house, after destroying all that was worth destruction, pulled out the hapless and unoffending Hans Knickerbok by the hair of the head, and three or four of his lodgers, whom they found on the premises, and bore them off for execution as Dutch spies—the authors of the fire of course, and consequently, traitors to our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity. What had been the fate of these persons Slyphes did not then know ; but for himself, as he and his companions were sailing along towards Moorfields, at the pleasant rate of two knots an hour or thereby, they were met by another



gang of these worthies, who, on recognising the schipper to be a foreigner, which they did by his dialect, they seized him as one of the “spies”—disarmed him of his hanger before he was aware, and dragged him along they scarcely knew whither.

As the good citizens and citizenesses captured the commander, the crew, taking advantage of the dark shadows of the moonlight, made their escape; but as they trailed Dordrecht along they hovered in the rear, ready to avail themselves of the first opportunity to assist him, or at least, like valorous mates, see where he should be lodged, or what should be his fate.

This was the state of affairs, when Sarney encountered the crowd in Basinghall-street.

Their imprisonment at Guildhall did not exceed an hour, principally because the flames were making a rapid progress in that direction, when they were ordered off to Whitehall. In the conflict little blood had been shed; and no other wounds inflicted, further than an increased development of the intellectual organs of several of the mechanical combatants. There was an exception to this, certainly, in the person of a heroic tinman, who not relishing the twinges which Sarney gave him upon the wrists and fingers, took the advantage of his

back being turned to aim a deadly blow with his quarterstaff at his head, which, had it not been warded off, would undoubtedly have felled him to the ground. The Major, however, saw the bludgeon in time, and wheeling round, wounded the man of tin somewhat severely in the shoulder. For the injury done to this person he knew he was amenable to justice, although even this, he thought, was amply compensated by the bruise on his own cranium, and the disfigured faces and swelled crowns of the sailors. Otherwise he could divine no reason why he should be detained in custody.

The Jesuit followed his friend through the long route which the horsemen were obliged to pursue from the state of the city. On reaching Whitehall, the prisoners were lodged in a building contiguous to the palace, before the door of which was posted a guard of infantry. After the multitude had in some degree dispersed, he applied for admission to the commanding officer, who, after some explanation, consented to the request.

The Major expressed no little pleasure at seeing Venzani; for although he feared nothing serious from the affray in which he had been engaged, still, in those days, justice was

occasionally tardy, and oftentimes fickle in her favours; so that when a man once saw the inside of a prison, no matter how innocent he might be, or frivolous the nature of his offence, still, the litigious formalities of the law, the bustle and business, and doubts and suspicions of the magistrate, all concurred in extending the period of his liberation. Sarney was well acquainted with the delays and formalities in the investigation of such cases in the "merry days," and he consequently sought the easiest mode of being released from durance. He deputed Venzani to be the bearer of a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, which he requested him to see delivered into that nobleman's *own* hands. This he was told he could accomplish, either by waiting at the entrance to his Grace's residence, and presenting it to him in person, as was customary in those times, or by remaining about the precincts of Whitehall, till his Grace should come to pay his accustomed daily devoirs to his Majesty. So commissioned, the reverend Father left the apartment.

The fire in the city had caused no ordinary commotion, even in the environs of Whitehall. Early in the morning, all the members of the Privy Council were assembled, deliberating

upon and advising his Majesty to such measures as the emergency called for. Noblemen of the highest rank—Ministers, Ambassadors, and Secretaries of State—officers of the army, and gentlemen of distinction at court, were seen crowding after one another towards the Palace, some in their carriages, others on horseback, and not a few even on foot, all followed by trains of servants and dependants, equally anxious as their masters to jostle in the current of courtly importance. These exalted personages seldom prolonged their stay above a few minutes, when they hurried off in the direction of the city, to collect further intelligence, to impart new instructions, and propound more approved plans for alleviating the privations of the destitute sufferers, or arresting more speedily the progress of the fire.

Venzani tarried a short while to witness the bustle which was created by so many arrivals and departures, at such an hour, (for it was yet not eight o'clock), and to observe the varied characters, as they moved to and fro, whose names and titles, as in the present day, were readily communicated by some of the spectators to such strangers as chose to make enquiry. As he was about to depart, a loud huzza was



heard, and, presently, a number of silver-headed staffs were seen raised above the heads of the spectators, clearing the passage to the royal entrance, and hoarse voices were heard croaking in their harshest key, "Make way there for's Grace o' Buckingham—Stand off people—Stand off there—make room for my Lord Duke."

At the mention of the name of Buckingham, Venzani was at a loss how to act; and stepping up to an elderly-looking personage, he enquired, if the Duke of Buckingham was coming to the Palace, and if that were he whom the populace shouted after without? "Waands! friend, a' daant know, it may be a new-fledged linnet fra' Essex as like." This reply was accompanied with a twitter of a laugh, a wink of the eye, and some such symbols altogether unintelligible to the Jesuit, who when he was about to repeat the question, discovered that his facetious friend had vanished in the throng. He addressed himself to another who answered, "Ay, 'tis Bucks a' warrant thee, an' ha's cooming hither as thee shall see presently."

The good Father accordingly pushed into the midst of the crowd that lined the path, through which his Grace would pass from his carriage to the flight of steps, that led more



immediately to the king's antechamber; and took up a position where he might have an opportunity of delivering his letter. The boisterous huzzas still rang in the direction of Charing-cross, and the court of the palace was becoming more and more crowded. At last, his Grace's carriage appeared, preceded by two out-riders, and followed by a number of servants in splendid liveries, and a large concourse of the populace, shouting, "God bless the Duke!—Bucks for ever!—Heaven save his Grace!" and various such exclamations.

He alighted, as was his custom, at a considerable distance from the steps, intentionally, as was [popularly reported of him, to receive the petitions of the lower classes, and of such as had not access to the Court—of reduced soldiers, perhaps—of poor claimants of forfeited lands—of tradesmen pilfered and ruined in the civil wars—of yeomen who had served the king gratis, and had made their wives and children beggars in consequence—of Presbyterian clergymen, who had preached loyalty during the Commonwealth, and were now turned adrift to starve or preach sedition during the Monarchy—in short the memorials of all those who had no other means of seeking redress, or appealing to the clemency of the sovereign. To these

persons, it was said, his grace paid great attention, by receiving their several statements of grievances with the most affable courtesy and condescension. This rendered him popular; for it might be said he daily held a court under the windows of his Sovereign, where the rules of *entrée* were superseded by the rights of universal suffrage, and where an attainted esquire claimed no precedence over an injured link-boy.

The distance which his grace had to walk, the papers he had to receive, the greetings he had to acknowledge, all served to afford Venzani an opportunity of remarking distinctly the manners and personal appearance of this extraordinary statesman.

He was taller than the middle size, with a body slender, more from his mode of life than constitutional predisposition. But although his step appeared to be firm, and his movements free, light, and unconstrained; yet, to a close observer, these obviously proceeded more from effort and mannerism, than from any redundancy of vigour in a frame long familiarised to all the debilitating pleasures of a gay court and a licentious age. He seemed not to meet the impulses, but to strain the enfeebled energies of his body;—not to follow the exuberances, but to torture the discrepancies of nature, to suit the character

he assumed in his youth, and which, when that youth was prematurely faded, the admiring crowd still expected from the Duke of Buckingham.

His features and personal symmetry were both handsome. The former still retained the remains of the flush of health which had once graced them. The sparkle of the full eye, however, over the pale ashy cheek—the smile of spring upon the sickly countenance, told what nightly sacrifices at the shrine of dissipation had effected.

In the face of this nobleman, nevertheless, little could be traced of what passed over his mind. What his physical vices were, his looks, his figure, his action, all demonstrated. But the intriguing meannesses, the circumventing and undermining propensities of his character as a minister, were concealed under a pleasing exterior, a frank, open carriage, and a demeanour plausible, prepossessing, and apparently confiding. There was, however, a hidden flash of scorn—a “laughing devil” in his eye, as the noble poet expresseth it, which showed a haughty recklessness of means in the attainment of his object; and it was discernible, from the artificial mode in which he flattered the prejudices, and courted the favours, of the populace,

that he only employed the hydra as a masked battery against the enemy—as a portentous mirror, to reflect back upon itself the frowns and the wincings of displeased royalty.

His gay manner in receiving the memorials and messages from the crowd, which barricadoed him on all sides, drew forth plaudits that rent the air; and when he stopped to exchange a word with any one whom he was pleased to recognise, the few complimentary syllables he uttered were also followed by fresh and deafening acclamations. As he neared the spot where the Jesuit stood, the latter presented the letter to his grace, in that bending inclination of body which the Italian and French schools of politesse still inculcate. As he was uncovered, the reverend father soon attracted the notice of the minister. His white locks, and his solemn aspect, showed him, at the first glance, to be one above the commoner classes of persons; and to so prying a physiognomist as Buckingham, Venzani's aged, deep-wrinkled, and somewhat dejected countenance—a suppliant look, by the way, peculiar to his order in all countries and in all ages—could not fail to be an object of interest.

He eyed the Jesuit, as he received the message, as if attempting to remember whether he



had before seen him ; and at length, accosting him in French, he enquired to what country he belonged.

“ Milan, so please your grace,” answered the Jesuit.

“ A clergyman, I presume?” further demanded the minister.

“ I am of holy orders, an’t please your grace,” replied the missionary, with some dread, lest “ Bucks” should push his queries too far ?

“ And doth this paper concern thyself?”

“ No, my lord duke, ’tis from one of your grace’s poor *serviteurs*,” responded the Jesuit, with a bow to the ground, as the duke moved towards the royal entrance.

Whether it was from the appearance of Venzani, or from his grace having recognised the hand-writing, we cannot tell ; yet true was it, that the duke *did* open and read the letter soon after he had received it, an honour which he seldom bestowed on any of those numerous documents and lists of grievances which he received so courteously in the streets. It contained merely an intimation of the writer’s imprisonment, and prayed the minister’s intercession to procure his release, stating at the same time the way in which he had been entan-



gled in the affray which had led to his confinement.

Sarney had rendered too many important services to his grace of Buckingham, not to command his kind offices on this trivial occasion. But in addition to this, his grace had been for some time digesting new work for him, and felt pleased that chance should have thrown him so opportunely in his way. He gave orders that he should be brought before him instantly.

“And so thou hadst a hand in the burning of his Highness’ good city of London, major,” was the opening salutation of his grace, as Sarney entered his presence.

“It is so credited, my lord duke, by some of his Majesty’s liege Protestant subjects,” answered the soldier.

“By what diagram of the horoscope—on what valid sworn testimony do they arraign thee?”

“By *seeing* me draw my sword in defence of a poor Dutch sailor, whom, but for me, the good citizens would have murdered.”

“By *feeling* thee draw it, methinks, is the better word. But what from Ireland, thou city cavalier?—Hath the viceroy’s one hundred

pounds sterling *offered*, not found thee out yet?"

"No; perhaps his grace of Ormond hath forgotten me."

"Not so speedily, major. If he had thy traitorous head within the walls of the castle, thy claims to the lands of —— would be speedily adjusted—thy personal as well as real property would then, indeed, be held by the old tenure 'knight's service *in capite*.' But we shall curb his lieutenancy anon."

"My Irish estate, my lord duke, is; I'm afraid, not doomed to be mine again."

"I judge not so. His grace of Ormond carries no pledge from the constellations that his life or his viceroyalty is to be immortal. He will anon find Ireland too hot for him."

"Is it your grace's meaning that, were the Duke of Ormond removed, my lands might be recovered?"

"I know not thy configuration, sir major, but if the Pleiades deceive me not—if the line in Ursa be not a bugbear, the 'Scope speaks favourably."

"But the Irish planets, I fear, are adverse, my lord duke," observed Sarney, catching the vein of the eccentric minister.

"But they are not to be depended on," re-

plied his grace—"they shine too often through fogs. The destinies are beyond the ken of the occult sciences in that longitude;—Scorpio, as thou knowest, is there invisible. But," added his grace, "how feel the Presbyterians in the north?"

"Faith! my lord duke, my correspondence hath decreased of late with that quarter—my negotiations with the righteous ha' brought me no grace."

"Cry *me* no grace, major; I have an embassy for thee for Scotland. It requires despatch, vigilance, a plentiful savour of gospel-zeal and the covenant, and a confident assurance to the godly that they have our best wishes. Know'st thou Sourface, Lowinstane, and Glorifie Zioncloots of Cairnrymple?"

"I do."

"Ay, whom dost thou not know?—But, here, take thy deliverance from the round-house, and attend me at the Mistress Palmer's to-morrow at noon. Have thyself in readiness for Scotland—I shall urge thy pardon on his Highness in good time"——

"But," interrupted the major, "may not I bespeak your grace's interposition for the poor foreigners, also in durance?"

"Open ye everlasting gates!" exclaimed the

duke—"Newgate's purgation will be thy next petition. *There*, thou night-brawler, an' have it so," he added, tossing a written order on the floor, and motioning his visitor to depart.

The confidant of the minister lost no time in accomplishing the enlargement of Dordrecht and his mates, who, as soon as they breathed the fresh air, proceeded to Whitehall-stairs and hired a waterman to take them to Blackwall. This was their only safe course, in the still distracted state of the city, the flames being far from being subdued. As for our hero, he found his way to Austin-Friars, where he found the reverend father anxiously waiting his liberation and arrival.

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## CHAPTER III.

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But mony a corss sall braithless ly,  
An' wae sall mony a widow cry,  
Or all rin richt again,  
But burns that day sall rin wi' blood,  
Of them that now oppress ;  
Their carcasses be corbies food  
By thousands on the gress.—*Ramsay.*

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“ LET thy Ephesian face see no such sallies—the gospel is not to be preached at a carousal, thou knight of the league—Leo’s in the fifth house, and Libra holds the scales to the Gemini in the northern sign—’Slife, the stars are favourable, thou son of the covenant—remember my injunctions and begone—fear nought from Ormond—in Scotland thou art beyond his influence.”

Thus parted Major Sarney from the Duke of Buckingham, fully instructed how he was to proceed with the discontented Presbyterians of the west of Scotland.

His business with Venzani was accordingly soon finished, and consisted chiefly of letters to



Lesley and Multiple Duplies, at Glasgow. With respect to Felix O'Gorman, or the Lady Mary and Sir Ludowic Kennedy, the Father's intentions were not made known to the Major, though a trusty messenger had been sent to Dublin with his private instructions to Wor-kington.

The Presbyterians of Scotland at this time had recovered from the silent despondency into which the introduction of prelacy by the restored monarch had plunged them, and breathed nothing but revenge. Furious exasperation had succeeded apathy and dejection; and the trumpets of the Lord's preachers on the hills and in the glens sounded only, "To your tents, O Israel!" Insult had been heaped upon insult—the promises of the King to preserve the Presbyterian religion supreme and inviolate had been faithlessly disregarded—the covenant had been burned by the vile hands of the common hangman in London—that covenant which Charles himself had subscribed, and which bore his royal seal—and all its adherents hunted like beasts of prey, many of them brought to the scaffold, as the most execrable of traitors and malefactors; while the remainder were chased to the bogs and fens, and the bleak recesses of the mountains of Galloway, Laneric, and Aire.

The leader of their party, the noble Marquis of Argyle, when presenting himself at court as a loyal subject to congratulate his Majesty on his ascension to the throne, was arrested by royal mandate—sent a prisoner to Edinburgh—tried by a questionable tribunal for being a party to the covenant—condemned—executed, and his head stuck upon a spike on the Tolbooth. Several of their chief preachers suffered a similar fate for the same offence. Bishops, deans, and vicars, swarmed in all parts of the kingdom, reading the English service to empty churches. The people fled from prelacy and the surplice with abhorrence, following their wandering and persecuted ministers to the fields, whose sufferings, as might be expected, formed the principal theme of their discourses.

Accidental circumstances operating upon the credulity and prejudices of the common people, excited to no ordinary degree their incensed passions. The season had been wet and stormy; the harvest had consequently been late, its produce scanty, and much of it lost and damaged in the pelting rains and high winds. In the mountainous districts it had not ripened at all, and had to be cut for the cattle. The result of all this was a scarcity of grain, and great public distress, which was openly ascribed to God's

judgments on his believing people of the kirk of Scotland, for permitting the prelates to overrun the kingdom, climbing over into the sheep-folds, and turning the lawful shepherds into the wilderness.

In confirmation of this, strange voices were heard “almost nightly” in the Green of Glasgow predicative of impending troubles. In various places the sun and the moon, as red as blood, were beheld in awful conference together, emblematical of the bloody persecution that was about to ensue. In the venerable church-yard of Laneric even the dead were seen to rise out of their graves, assume horrid forms in the gossameer of the night, and utter fearful shrieks, all ominous of what was to come to pass; and Deacon Cordivan confessed to Provost Limetruen, in the strictest confidence, that one morning at the peep of daylight, and just as auld Kirsty Culbert’s cock was crowing, that he saw a fiery gallows on the top of the bridge of Aire, and seven bishops dancing round it, “But wha hang frae the woody,” he said “or wha was seen amang the bishops dressed like a weel-faured young gentleman, I’ll tell to nae man breathing.”

About the same juncture the signs of the times were equally alarming in other places.

Two men standing at the mercat-cross of Paisley, saw a white horse flying in the air in the direction of the Laigh Kirk, with a saddle of burning coals on his back, which doubtless meant that the white horse was religion, and the fiery saddle persecution buckled thereto, as was the opinion of that singular and self-denying preacher of the gospel, the reverend Maister Alexander Dunlap, umquhile minister in Paisley. In addition to these awful forebodings, there was a great mortality amongst the godly; many of the main stoops of the covenant being removed by death. And as if this had not been enough to appal the faithful, crimes and sins of all kinds abounded to *ane* extent not known to the memory of the oldest; “for,” says that famous standard-bearer of the testimony, the Reverend Maister Robert Law, “also did all manner of profanity and abomination increase among us, such as adultery very common in thir days, and fornication not look’t on as a sin with many; drunkenness without any shame; dreadful oppression; high contempt of the gospell; gross idolatrie; a woman drinking the Devil’s health and his servants in the south; besides self-murder that lately fell out among us, one whereof hap’ned in Kilmarnock; and witchcraft and sorceries *very* common; all which

threatens a sad stroak frae the hand of God upon us."

So situated was the kirk and her hapless pastors, when Sarney arrived in Scotland. As he came over the borders, he learnt that a conventicle was to be held on the southern confines of Ayrshire, and as he expected to meet some of the clergymen he sought at the meeting, he hastened to be present at it. He arrived at the inn of the village of Sanquhar, about the first of the dew-fall on a Saturday night; and was welcomed by mine host to his only parlour, no doubt all the time thanking God *inwardly* that his guest was none of Satan Turner's troopers or Dalzel's dragoons, as he had at first conjectured by the soldado sound of his voice, and the authoritative tone in which he spake.

The hostelry of the Red Lion was not, we confess, the largest building in the village; for it was exceeded in that respect by the kirk and the minister's manse, alas! the manse no more of the expelled and unindulged, but still revered and beloved, Gideon Lowinstane. It was a house nevertheless of two floors, the ground one and the attics, comfortably thatched with broom and straw, fastened at the eaves with plaited willow, and secured upon the ridge with capacious turfwork, which presented



a solid front to the angry upland blasts of winter. The main and only entrance to the hostelry was by a small stone porch in front, ascended by two plain steps, an elevation that provided against the overflowings of the deep ditch that skirted the opposite side of the way, and these steps were secured from the dripping thatch in rainy or thawy weather by two projecting boards fastened to the lintel, over which blazoned the Royal Red Lion rampant of Scotland, the joy of the landlord and the pride of the village.

On the first floor was the parlour aforesaid. It was none of your modern sick-bed apartments, papered and curtained, and screened, and carpeted, and crumb-clothed; but a healthy, homely, lime-floored room, with bright ochred walls, against which hung no profane representations of battles, feasts, and temples, and the still more profane pictures of heathen gods and goddesses, popish saints, and king's concubines, and such like; but which were chastely decorated with un-aspiring paintings in water-colours, of Jacob feeding Laban's sheep, Abraham about to sacrifice his son Isaac on mount Horeb, and an incomparable (a *chef d'œuvre*) drawing of the daughters of Israel weeping over the fatal performance of Jephtha's rash vow—the very tears

were seen falling from the Hebrew maidens' eyes, as if they had been drops of water sprinkled over the painting by the scrubbing-brush of the kitchen-maid. Genius of Rubens! such sacrilege could not have been committed.

Opposite the parlour on the same floor was the kitchen, paved with broad white-sanded flags, and warmed by a roaring fire of coal and peat, which emitted a corresponding redundancy of both light and heat. While the parlour was kept sacred for the higher description of guests—for the periodical carousals of the baillies and councillors—the feasts and jollifications of Presbytery meetings, alas! in those unhappy times interdicted to the unutterable grief of mine host—the occasional wassails of country Lairds, and the curling dinners of the neighbouring farmers—the kitchen like the caravansary of the desert was open to all. Before its blazing ingle might be seen the sturdy drover, the equally stout carrier, the shepherd, the cotter, and the village artisan, some refreshing themselves on their journey, others meeting upon business, and not a few loitering away an idle hour, or an hour in which they chose to be idle, and drowning care over a tankard of the landlord's home-brewed, or probably a flagon of his canary, sending round the rustic joke

and the loud laugh, or whispering low and dubiously among themselves the rumour of some new outrage of Turner or Dalzel, at which it was easy to see the eye glare, and the hand clench in indignation, though the tongue was silent.

After the Major had dislegged himself of his jack-boots, and made himself sufficiently known to Gibbie Hodgert, mine host (for our hero had lodged at the hostelry before), and done grace to a rasher of bacon and eggs and a choppin of his March malt, and drank to Gibbie's prosperity as became him, he enquired if the worthy Gideon Lowinstane still dwelt in the manse, and laboured in the vineyard, as he was wont to do, when the candle of the Lord shone bright on the land.

"Hum, na," replied mine host, "and sorry am I to say't. In thir persecuting times the wheat and the tares are burnt thegither. Ay, worthy man, he's outed frae poopit, house, and ha'; and he and his bairns (for that perfite pater o' grace an' christian meekness, his spoose, is *free* frae farther suffering) live in a bit beiling gien them by Bailzie Todd, worthy man."

"And forbidden to preach within the boundaries of the parish, I dare say?" observed the Major.

“ Oo, ay, but that’s nae been a stumbling-block an’ rock o’ offence in the way o’ Maister Lowinstane’s duty. He misses nae sabbath in edifying his flock in some part or ither o’ the kintra; an’ although the Privy Council hae summoned him afore them, an’ for faut o’ his no appearing hae put him to the horn at Embrugh, yet neither Dalzel nor ony of his troopers, though they hae searched his house baith by night and day, hae been able to lay their clutches on him, and neither will they sae lang as——” here mine host of the Lion gave his bristly mane a gentle toss, and smacked his lips, which signs being interpreted, meant, that he Gibbie Hodgert knew where a snug hiding-place for the minister could be found, which was at his service any day.

“ As I have some communication to make, would it be too late to see the minister to-night?” enquired the Major.

“ I’m na sure o’ that,” drawled out the sly publican, fearful that even his guest, whom he had seen with several of the Presbyterian Clergy before, might now be an emissary of the enemy, “ I’m na sure o’ that, sir, for ye see it’s hard upon nine o’clock, an’ *the reading* will be begun I fear; but gin ye send your name, wi’ the callant here, the minister will



let ye ken gin it be convenient to entertain ye."

"Well, say that Gamaliel Lindsay craves to speak with him, either here, or where he may appoint."

Gideon Lowinstane, whom we here find in the ranks of the outlawed and unindulged preachers, was, before the Restoration, the established Presbyterian pastor of the parish of Sanquhar, in the county of Dumfries. He was expelled from his charge by the Act of Conformity, and consequently deprived of his regular means of subsistence. He and his family were in a measure thrown destitute on the world. They were not exposed to absolute want, it is true; for the parishioners still continued to support them, and were liberal in their donations of all sorts of farm and dairy produce. But still they were dependants, for whom there was no legal provision as formerly. The education of his children was necessarily neglected, owing to the unsettled state of the times, and the wandering life which their father led in the performance of his religious duties. These changes, and the gloomy prospect which was before her family, combined with the rigour of the government, threw the "guidwife," as she was called, into a desponding state of mind,



that subsequently affected her health, and produced a decline, that carried her off from the midst of her young family, in little more than the prime of life.

This domestic loss made a deep impression on the intellects of the divine; and was in a great measure the means of driving him to pursuits for which neither his mind nor his bodily strength were fitted; and of rendering him more extravagant in his notions of church government, and more unrelenting in his hatred of episcopacy. He was a man of some learning and attainments, of a querulous disposition, of a stinted and confused mind; but of that rapturous and sanctimonious turn which suited the prevailing taste of those times. His oratory was of that elegiac sort which came into repute with the afflictions of the period, because it harmonised with the grievances of both preacher and hearer. Weeping and wailing were then the order of the day; for when the minister found himself unable to open the sluices of grief by the simple tale of distress, or the artful colouring of his eloquence, he had recourse to a more unsophisticated expedient, and wept aloud at his own story. This was irresistible.\*

\* There are only seven-and-twenty *greeting* ministers at present in the church of Scotland, a melancholy proof of the degeneracy of the age.—*Note by a Cameronian.*

He was much esteemed by his parishioners in Sanquhar, and when driven thence, he soon became an active partisan of the non-conformed preachers, and was deemed one of the most *gifted* at the conventicles of the south-west of Scotland. For nearly two years he had been hunted from place to place, and oftentimes aroused from his bed, by an alarm from some of his faithful scouts, that the dragoons were entering the village. On many of these emergencies had he been indebted for his escape to Gibbie Hodgert, who concealed him in a private corner of his hay-loft, which was entered by an aperture in the gable, that with some exertion admitted the spare body of the minister, but which would scarcely have admitted the lankest leg of any man in Turner's regiment, where, as he lay over the stable, he frequently heard his own doom pronounced in dreadful imprecations by the troopers below. The inn-keeper had the ingenious and conciliatory knack of never allowing his religious predilections to be more than suspected; and although a Presbyterian, and devoted to the interests of Lowinstane, yet he carried his zeal no farther than the parish limits, and excused himself from following the field-meetings from his attendance on the hostelry, which honest Gibbie opined to be an excep-

tion to the inhibitions of the fourth commandment.

The boy returned with a message, that the minister awaited the visit of Lindsay.

It was a clear, calm, starry, and beautiful night, and the fine Gothic remains of the old church, as they appeared in the silvery light of the firmament, conveyed a solemn impression to the mind. The village mechanic had finished his six days' labours, and was preparing for the morrow's holier duties, by seeing that his sabbath's apparel, his staff, his homely repast of bread and cheese, and his venerable, cloth-covered, brass-clasped bible, were in readiness for the morning's journey to Sanquhar Moor. As he proceeded along the main street of the village, the psalmody of family devotion was the only sound that caught his ear. The wild, warbling, undulating notes of the devotional Scottish music, united to some of the truly poetic stanzas of the Book of Psalms, had a sublime effect in the stillness of the night, even upon the ear of one, albeit, unused to the melting mood.

In those days, when education was of more difficult acquirement than in our more peaceful times, the art of printing was little cultivated, and books of any sort formed no part of the

stock or treasure of the peasantry of Scotland ; for the Family or Ha' Bible, with a pocket one containing the metrical psalms, constituted the whole library even of farmers and others of reputed wealth. It was consequently requisite in family worship (as it was in the churches long anterior and subsequent to the period we speak of,) that the line or couplet of the verse should be read by the clerk before singing.\* This then universal practice, in public as well as in private worship, enabled the Major to remark the words which were selected and deemed suitable to the times and the sufferings of the Presbyterians. The following will serve as a specimen :—

In Judah's land God is well known,  
His name's in Israel great ;  
In Salem is his tabernacle,  
In Sion is his seat.—*Psalm 76.*

Shall thy displeasure thus endure  
Against us without end ?  
Wilt thou to generations all  
Thine anger forth extend ?—*Psalm 86.*

Our God shall come, and shall no more  
Be silent, but speak out :  
Before him fire shall waste, great storms  
Shall compass him about.

\* When *we* visited the kingdom, some twenty-five years ago, this practice of "line reading" was quite common ; and we are informed that it still prevails in country parishes, and among the obscure remnants of the non-conformists of the west.—*Note by ourself.*

He to the heavens from above,  
And to the earth below,  
Shall call, that he his *judgments* may  
Before his people show.—*Psalm 50.*

Do thou, O Lord, arise and plead  
The cause that is thine own ;  
Remember how thou art reproach'd  
Still by the *Foolish one.*  
Unto thy *Covenant* have respect,  
For earth's dark places be  
Full of the habitations  
Of horrid cruelty.—*Psalm 74.*

On reaching his retired habitation, he found the minister sitting by a bright burning fire composed of black peat and dried moss-wood, gathered during the past summer. No lamp or candle illumined the little whitewashed clay-floored apartment. A quarto bible was spread out on his knees, over the large print of which he was poring, deep in the study, interpretation, and application of the mysteries and predictions of the prophet Jeremiah, by the light of the fire alone. On a small folding round-table lay a few sermons and religious books, and some manuscripts, descriptive of the chief passages in his life, and the sufferings of the kirk and her members.

He received his visiter in his accustomed, undisturbed, and unceremonious manner, bade him be seated by the fire, and remarked that it was a long time since he had seen him.



“ Not since Richard Cromwell’s time, Maister Lowinstane,” said the Major.

“ Yea, I do remember me o’ the last occasion,” observed the preacher; “ but the sword an’ the pestilence hæe passed ower this unhappy realm o’ Scotland sin thae days.”

“ I know it,” continued the officer; “ but Providence will stay the east wind in the day of his power. The hour of deliverance may be nearer at hand than the persecuted think.”

“ May *He* sae grant it, if consistent wi’ his divine decrees; for the day o’ tribulation hath been long, dark, dreary, and heartless, to all true professors,” rejoined Gideon.

“ It cannot have escaped your recollection,” said the Major, entering at once upon the business of his mission, “ that at the ‘ taking of the covenant’ by *Charles Stuart*, I was the bearer of a message from his Grace the Duke of Buckingham to a Conference of ministers at the Barns of Aire?”

“ I remember me the time weel, and also the consoling assurances whilk the same day our worthy brither in the ministry, Samuel Sourface, received from that martyr o’ the covenant and victim o’ a perjured and prelatie King, the godly Marquis o’ Argyle.”

“ Then,” rejoined Gamaliel “ what his

Grace expressed then, he feels still—*The Cause* is unchangeably dear to him.”

“His Grace’s friendship is a tower o’ strength,” observed Gideon; “his interposition is as the refreshing dew to the tender herb and the green grass—it is the trumpet of Israel to the walls of Jericho—it”——

“But,” said the emissary, interrupting the string of quotations which the worthy pastor was bringing to bear upon the communication, “these sentiments, which I am deputed to express on the part of his Grace, cannot be too soon laid before the brethren.”

“On the morn we meet for worship at the Sanquhar Moss, and there I will commune wi’ sic o’ the brethren as are present anent it,” replied the preacher.

After some further colloquy, the Major agreed to attend the conventicle, and took his leave accordingly for the night.

Sanquhar Moor, or Moss, for by both titles was it distinguished, was a dry bog or morass in the summer season, where the inhabitants of that district dug their fuel. It was about two miles in length, and half a mile in breadth in most parts, and was only accessible to horses, cars, or wheel-carriages, by one or two rustic log bridges, thrown by the country people over

the deep ditch that divided it on the one side from a cross-road. At one end it terminated in a loch, nearly dry in summer, but of such depth at other seasons as rendered the ground swampy for a considerable way round its margin. Opposite the cross-road it was flanked by a ridge of green hills, not so remarkable for their height as the steepness of their sides in some parts, and their rugged, bushy, and overhanging crags in others. At the further point the moss terminated in the northern bank of the river Nith, that flowed with rapidity down the hollow. In the centre of this place conventicles had frequently been held, chiefly from the security it afforded to the people assembled. Dragoons could not with safety attack it, for the retreat to the hills, among the hazel bushes and the precipices, was a movement of but a few minutes, where the attacked would not only be secured from the soldiers, but where they had it in their power to make their pursuers repent their rashness. Besides, from the top of any of the hills, they could survey the country for several miles in all directions, and of course see the approach of an enemy.

Our hero was early at this bleak heathery Zion in the wilderness. Crowds flocked to it

from every point of the compass ; and soon the swelling song of praise echoed among the hills and glens, making the wandering sheep stand and gaze down upon the vocalists with astonishment. To Lowinstane's long prayer succeeded the longer sermon of Glorifie Zioncloots. This person was the ringleader of the nonconformists. He was a man verging into the wane of life, of a daring, enthusiastic, and fanatical disposition ; of a dark, cadaverous visage, rendered lowering and repulsive, by his coarse black hair hanging down to his eye-brows, and a huge thick beard pendant beneath. His face depicted his principles. The scowl of his eye, and the compression of his nether lip, were indexes of a mind either naturally vindictive, or impelled to rancour and uncontrollable resentment by insufferable wrongs. His frantic gestures when preaching—his piercing, exhausted, and sometimes unearthly voice—the fury and vehemence of his declamation—and the awful and even fiendish judgments which he would one moment call down upon his enemies, while in the next he supplicated the God of mercy to forgive them, showed him to be a man, either an impostor in religion, or one whose enthusiasm bordered on insanity.

That Glorifie Zioncloots belonged to the last description of persons his history somewhat confirms. He was the incumbent of Cairnrymple in Galloway, previous to the Restoration; and, like his brethren Sourface and Lowinstane, had suffered the martyrdom of expulsion by King Charles of "blessed memory." Though he was chased from the pulpit by the halberds of the military, he still fearlessly clung to the horns of the altar. Driven from the richer pastures of the dells, he led his flock to the hills; and once a week at least Cairnrymple was a deserted village. The Curate read his prayers to his sleepy clerk, his housekeeper, the exciseman, and probably the English lackey of the Lord of the Manor. Glorifie drained as it were the town, and he preached to them as Paul did from a crag, flogging the granite as if it had been a cushion, and grasping the baseless air with his clenched hands, as if he had been pulling a Synod of Bishops from their seats, or the stars from the sky. His fame extended with his labours; and it was his boast, that more hearers heard the word of God from his lips, every returning Sunday, than all the Deans and Curates could collect in the west of Scotland. He was among the first who stood out publicly for the covenant,



after the Restoration, and planted a standard of abjuration of prelacy, and defiance of King and Bishops, in the mosses and glens of Ayrshire. Others of the non-conforming clergy flocked to his camp—adopted the same mode of preaching, and united to vindicate the rights of conscience, and the supremacy of the Scottish kirk, against all opposition. In short he was the premier of the confederacy, and the soul of *The Cause*, at that period; and he was in consequence early marked out and pursued by the partisans of the government.

On a charming summer sabbath evening was this bold man discoursing to an assemblage of hearers at the entrance of a wild and beautiful glen on the banks of Loch Ryan. The preacher and his audience were in the shade, the beams of the western sun darting over their heads, tinging the green birch leaves with gold, and warming the sportive lambs that bleated on the sloping brow of the ravine above them. He was in the midst of his sermon, to which the audience were listening with devout attention, when six dragoons, descending by the soft grassy bed of the glen, issued suddenly from among the trees, and were in the midst of the congregation almost before they were observed.

The panic which their unexpected appearance produced, caused a simultaneous dispersion of the hearers in all directions, among the coppice on both sides of the glen. The preacher was the only person whom the soldiers had directions to seize, and he alone, in the midst of the general scramble, stood unmoved and undaunted. The place from which he addressed his followers, was the edge of a shelvy rock, that projected over part of the then dried channel of the rivulet, at the height of a few feet above the bank on which his hearers sat. He was therefore, in some degree, out of the reach of the troopers, of whom he demanded by what authority they intruded upon the worship of God.

“We’ll show tha’ that, old Brimstone,” said one of the dragoons, presenting a pistol, as he scrambled up the rock to seize him, followed by another of the party.

“Draw na your bluidy swords on me,” exclaimed the undismayed preacher, “leave off bairn,” continued he, addressing his daughter, a girl of twelve years of age, who had sat near him during the service, and who, terrified at the threats of the soldiers, now hung by his arm; “leave off, bairn, thae dragons o’ Belial daur na touch a hair o’ my head. Hence,”

said he to the dragoon that approached him—  
“Hence, an’ come na within the reach o’ this  
sacred buik, or the Most High will avenge him-  
sel’ o’ the sacrilege.”

Regardless of these defiances, the soldier  
plucked the bible from his hand, tossed it over  
the rock, and grasping the minister by the  
breast, cursed him for a canting knave to come  
along with him, if he did not wish his brains  
blown out on the spot.

“I surrender not to man, but to the will of  
God,” cried the preacher, as he grasped and  
struggled with the trooper, his distracted child  
all the while hanging by his clothes, and im-  
ploring the soldier to spare her father’s life.

“Take that screeching imp away, corporal,”  
roared the dragoon to his comrade.

In the execution of this work Corporal Bull-  
winkle (for that was his name) was also resisted  
by the prisoner, who more than once pushed the  
soldier from him, and at the same instant re-  
clasped his daughter to his arms. This so  
enraged the Corporal that he seized his car-  
bine, and while levelling a blow at the minister  
struck the unfortunate girl, who had interposed  
to save her father, on the lateral part of the  
head, with such force, that she fell dead on the  
ground. Another blow at the prisoner so

stunned him, that he was easily flung across a saddle, and carried out of the defile. Those of his followers who threatened a rescue, or appeared from among the trees, were assailed by the fire-arms of the party. But indeed they had no means of resistance. Dreading no molestation, none of them were armed. For had they been so, as they generally were in all parts of the country, after this occurrence, no dragoons would have dared to attack them, or they would to a certainty have been destroyed, owing to the natural strength of the ravine, and the closeness of the coppice.

The hapless man was conveyed in a state of suffering to Ballintrae, and from thence to Aire gaol. But three or four nights after his imprisonment he made his escape, aided as the town scandal said, by Baillie Mucklegirr and some of his coopers, one or two of the latter having enticed the sentinels to an alehouse, while Zioncloots descended from the window by ropes furnished him for the purpose.

But whether this charge, so serious against a magistrate, as Mucklegirr was, was well-founded or not, we cannot take upon ourselves either to affirm or deny. But true it was the minister *did* escape, and commenced his former habits of field-preaching to a more numerous



train of followers than ever, who came armed and accoutred, with the sword of the Spirit in one hand, and a trusty broad-sword or pistol in the other. The wanton murder of an only daughter before his eyes, and when raising her tender arms in his defence, preyed deeply on his mind, and changed his former grief into a sort of melancholy insanity, which sought relief in those frantic flights in his sermons, wherein he called down the fire of heaven on his enemies.

“ O! my dear brethren,” he would sometimes exclaim, “ if there be amang this puir suffering remnant o’ God’s covenanted people, ae sinner wha hath mair cause than anither to lament the incoming o’ prelacy to this land, I am that wretched ane. For O, sirs! since the Lord hath sent this evil upon’ us, I hae been turned out o’ kirk and manse, out o’ house an’ ha’—I hae seen the meal in my garner, and the corn in my field, rived frae my family, strewn on the ground, and tread on by the bluid-hounds o’ Dalzel—I hae borne my wife’s head and that o’ my son to the grave; and I hae seen my dear and last remaining child, in the morning o’ her days, and in the bloom o’ lamb-like innocence, slaughtered at my feet. O! friends, thae deeds come o’er the heart like a rushing flood; but I complain not; the



Lord hath smote the shepherd, but he will work out our deliverance in *His* ain time."

This was the man whose sufferings and popularity with the peasantry, combined with his unwearied zeal in behalf of the liberties of the kirk, had placed at the head of the non-conforming clergy. The next most active of the party, and at the head of the lay brethren, (and of whom we shall speak anon,) was John M'Whirter, of Doonhaugh, in the Bailiewick of Carrick in Ayrshire, commonly called the Laird of Doonhaugh, an old veteran who had served in the army of the States of Holland against the French.

After the service of the day had been concluded at Sanquhar Moss, a conference was held, at which the communication of the Major was considered.

"You are the bearer of a message from his Grace the Duke of Buckingham to us the expelled and persecuted ministers in the west o' Scotland," began Sourface, addressing himself to Sarney.

"This letter," replied the emissary, "will speak his Grace's sentiments better than I can;" upon which he handed to the meeting a sealed paper, addressed to Zioncloots, the contents of which consisted of assurances from Bucking-

ham, that the severe measures enacted against the presbyterians in Scotland had created several violent debates in Parliament and before the Privy Council; and that even the King was beginning to be alarmed at the numbers and secret movements of the covenanters; and that *decision, spirit, and resolution* on the part of the latter, as his confidential agent ——— would explain, would soon place Scotland in a different position, and conduce to a change of ecclesiastical jurisdiction more suited to the state of religion in the north.

The “confidential agent” expressed his opinion pretty freely as to the measures which he thought the non-conformists should adopt, and plainly hinted that a general rising and exhibition of strength were all that were necessary to replace the kirk on its former footing.

“Ay, the edge o’ the sword,” said John M’Whirter, “will hae to decide it at last. ‘Might to right,’ maun redeem to Scotland the ordinances o’ her ain reformed Presbyterian religion.”

“My voice is wi’ the Duke,” observed Zion-cloots; “the innocent bluid that reeks on our thresholds cries to Heaven for revenge—we maun purge the temple wi’ fire, and trust to Providence for the victory.”

“His Grace’s yepistle inspireth me wi’ comfort and hope in this Egyptian darkness,” remarked Lowinstane.

“Brethren,” said Maister Samuel Sourface, “let us buckle on our armour and our shield for the going forth to battle. The Psalmist in the fiftieth Psalm and at the fifth verse, saith, ‘Let all my saints tog’———”

“It appeareth plain to my puir discernment,” interrupted M’Whirter, “that our course is to lay his Grace’s letter before ane extraordinary meeting o’ the persecuted, an’ discuss what is to be done thereat. The greedy and soul-destroying prelates maun be convinced that our wrangs hae whetted our swords, and that it hath not been for aught but our religion, our dear and national religion, that we have seen our lands confiscated, and our pastors outlawed, and have exchanged our firesides and our beds, for the cold rains and dews of the hills and fastnesses.”

In this resolution the party acquiesced, and the conference being closed with prayer, each of the persecuted took his several way.

## CHAPTER IV.

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Would all his tribe were as tender-hearted! I beseech you let this gentleman join with you in the recovery of my keys; I like his good beginning, Sir.

*The Scornful Lady.*

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ONCE more we pay our devoirs to the city of Saint Mungo.

Multiple Duplies sat in his sky-lighted *sanc-tum* in the Briggate, patiently examining a huge bundle of parchment deeds—comparing dates and signatures, and calculating the amount of usance, preparatory to enforcing payment of the principal sum and interest due on certain bonds which the bundle contained. On the back of the bonds in question was acknowledged the receipt of various sums in liquidation of interest, as if paid but recently, in the case of one of the instruments, and within thirty years in that of the other; but, as the *dates* of these payments were of material consequence to the recovery of the residue, the writer saw the necessity of having some com-

petent witness or witnesses to depone to the fact “As the payments are yelleged have been made at my office,” pondered Multiple, fixing his sinister eye on the vellum, and its contemporary upon his shoe-buckle, his usual attitude of reverie, when his whole inner man was bent upon gaining a case, “then, they maun hae been received by *some one* for me, Lamond, of Calcroich, or his assigns; and it canna safely be mainteened that ilk ane of thae receivers are dead or beyond seas. Na, na, guid faith! siccan a defence wad na stan’ afore the Fyfteen—it would na stan’ a hoast afore the hawk’s ee o’ auld Lord Hoolaken, or glib Harry Henburn, the advocate-depute whilk was, an’ wha’s noo ane favourite counsil wi’ Feftment; na, na, I ken a trick worth twa o’ that,” and he accordingly sounded his husky pipe, and summoned Wattie Moderwill, his Confidential, to his assistance.

Wattie was a red-haired, round-shouldered youth of about twenty-nine years’ standing, with a face profusely bespangled with pimples, scratches, carbuncles, amethysts, and such other distinguishing ornaments of the vintnery, as proved the Confidential to be a pillar of the bar in more senses than one. Had this been at all doubted, the occasional appearance of a



green silken shade over a disordered or disgraced optic, set all doubts as to the nature of Wattie's *penchant* completely to rest. This trait in his character, although it sometimes was the source of vexation to his more temperate master—for Duplies was a man who, as he said himself, “never darkened a yill-house door,” except when he attended meetings of the worshipful Incorporation of Fleshers, or visited the “Dronthy Club,” that met six times a week in Lucky M’Gregor’s of the West-port, or occasionally with a client in the way of business—this trait we say in Moderwill’s character did not deteriorate from his official services and usefulness as head-clerk. On the contrary he was one of the *indispensables* of the attorney’s establishment. He had been bound his apprentice as soon as he could read and write, which was at the early age of fifteen; and besides being the best *shinty* player, nest-harier, and bean-stealer, of the parish of Gorbals, he acquitted himself so well in his profession that, at the expiration of his indenture, and five years further of journeyman clerkship, he had reached by merit alone the important rank of Confidential; so that he stood a fair chance, in the event of Multiple receiving a horning for the other world, or a sort of

“ sist proceedings” over the Tolbooth stair, as he sometimes predicted he would, before his eldest son came of age,—of succeeding to the business.

This was a hopeful prospect which often urged Wattie to a clearness of recollection on some points of evidence, and a dimness of memory on others, somewhat jarry and transverse, as was averred, to the rigid rules and natural expansion of his conscience. But whether or not, that he was qualified to be the successor of such a Hercules of the law as Duplies was not doubted, inasmuch as he had trod in the exemplary steps of his master for fourteen years, and was in point of birth and parentage fully his superior. For it is to be considered, that while the ancestry of the one was lost in the mists\* of antiquity, that of the other was traceable for no less than three generations, his grandfather having been Town Drummer of the Gorbals, a man exceedingly popular in his day, and his immediate progenitor being a person of some military celebrity, having when a boy given a truce to his indenture, and listed in an Irish regiment then quartered at Londonderry, where he married

\* Perhaps the *fog* of the Molendinar would be a better term.—*P. D.*

the widow of an oyster-dredger, and in a fort night afterwards deserted as well from the soldiers as from his loving spouse; but she, poor woman, obtaining a clue to his residence in Scotland, followed him thither, on board a coal-lugger, where she gave birth to our hero, Maister Walter Moderwill, in a gale of wind, somewhere between the Cumbræ Isles and the point of Gourock.

This was the personage who acted as Alchemist to the Glasgow Notary in his straitened moments, and whose enviable qualifications as a witness were to be put to the test on the present juncture.

“Come awa’, Wattie—sit ye down, Maister Modderwil—sit ye down,” began the learned attorney to his Confidential, as he entered the little, dusty, cobwebbed apartment. “I’m gaun to cognosce ye, Wattie, on a *vera* important matter o’ fact, anent there ceipt o’ certain sums o’ money, in lieu of interest, *paid* by ane Kennedy o’ Culzean, and due on certain bonds whilk I haud in my hand, and granted by the forbears o’ the said Culzean, ane Kenelm, anither Thomas, and a third Francie Kennedy o’ Culzean in the shyre o’ Ayr—whilk I ’ledge ye ken something anent, and remember receiv-

ing the siller, in my name, at various dates within the last ten years."

"I *think* I remember *something* anent them," answered Wattie, poising his carroty head to the one side, drawing down the green shade upon the dexter optic, and assaying to recollect himself—"Will ye gi' me a glint o' the deeds," he continued, "I jaloose the payments *maun* be remembered. Is there meikle at stake, sir?"

"Nae less than four thoosand punds sterling, Wattie, wi' a gae claut o' int'rest."

"I'll luik o'er the deeds, but gin the int'rest *was* paid, it's a simple matter to depone."

"Ay, Wattie, guid faith! ye hit the richt nail on the head—ye see the hale scope o' the pleading. There's nae question about the payment o' the int'rest, but ye ken it maun be *sworn* to, if need be, by a competent witness; so Wattie tak the deeds ben wi' you—there they are, bonds in heritable security, feftments, seizins, tailzies, adjudications, an' a' thegither, tak them awa wi' you, and read them ower before the morn—and d' ye hear, Wattie, tak a jotting o' the interest, the dates o' payment ye ken, and a dooble o' the hale gif ye think it necessar, for ye maun be prepared to *depone*, Wattie."

The Confidential disappeared with his bundle of parchment, with the contents of which he was willing to confess himself conversant, though not an atom of the parcel, or any part of its instruments, or any thing relative thereto, had he ever seen before.

This transaction requires a brief explanation

Francis Kennedy, of Culzean, was a branch of the Kennedys of Mount Kennedy, and consequently a relation of Sir Ludovic. At the time to which we allude, he was a man advanced in life, of infirm health, of demure and retired habits, and whose intercourse with society was limited to a few families in the immediate vicinity of his ancestral estate in the southern district of Carrick. His wife, a sister of Stirling of Keirmains, died in her youth, leaving to his care two daughters, who had ever since occupied his undivided attention. They were the only living things whose smiles in infancy, and noisy, artless prattle in childhood, dispelled the gloom from his brow, rendered his sorrows more endurable and changed the sigh of despondency into one of paternal affection. As they grew up, they weaned their father the more from his inactive and inert life, and disengaged his thoughts, by leading him on short excursive visits among the families of



the neighbourhood. They were now in the bloom of womanhood.

So situated, and concerned for nothing so much as to see his children settled in life, Culzean (for so he was generally designated) had given his consent to a marriage between his eldest daughter and Patrick Ramsay, younger, of Coilfield, a young gentleman following the profession of the law at Edinburgh. In addition to its being an alliance dictated by reciprocal affection, it was one that in the event of the demise of old Culzean would augment the fortune of young Ramsay, by adding several hundred acres to his family property. The two families, therefore, looked forward to the union with unmingled pleasure; but none more so than Kennedy himself who ardently longed to see his much-loved Elizabeth wedded to one whom all spoke well of, and on whom her heart had long been fixed. The necessary arrangements were soon completed, and the nuptial day actually named, when an unforeseen and unexpected event dashed the cup of bliss from the expectant lips of the bride and bridegroom, and postponed the marriage to an uncertain day.

The estates of Mount Kennedy, in Wigtonshire, and Culzean, in Ayrshire, were, prior

to the Reformation, the property in fee of the reverend Abbot, Dean, and Canons of Melington Abbey, in Carrick. As the work of secession from the mother church spread, and the partisans of the Reformation became more daring, the hatred of the populace to all popish institutions—to all monks, friars, and all religious orders, was daily bursting forth into acts of aggression and spoliation. The good Abbot, therefore, had some reasons for dreading that, in the event of the Reformers obtaining the ascendancy, the ample possessions of the Abbey were likely to fall into the hands of the poor and aspiring Barons of the neighbourhood, or be divided amongst some of the factious Lairds, whose ardour in behalf of the new faith was not a little increased by a love of plunder. Much, therefore, as the holy father trusted to the interposition of the saints, in behalf of the infallible apostolical church, now open to the insults of every unanointed ruffian and common marauder, and bowed down to the earth by the weight of her calamities; still he was afraid that the sins of his brethren had been great, and that consequently the compassion of Heaven would be shut out for a season. These fears were hourly receiving confirmation from the outrages which were being perpe-

trated. In the eastern counties the solemn services of the catholic religion were made the subject of public burlesque. No cathedral, church, chapel, convent, or sanctuary of any kind was preserved from desecration. Abbeys, monasteries, and priories were entered by the vilest of the rabble, attired in mock canonicals, and revelling in inebriated triumph over the devastation of every thing they could find. No sacred symbol, no holy and once miraculous relic, no consecrated vessel was spared. Even the buildings did not escape their rancour; the fire consumed what sacrilege had saved; and gunpowder and crowbars levelled to the earth many of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture.

Under such circumstances, the Abbot, Deans, and Canons of Mellington, deemed it advisable to take the cares of the saints and martyrs on their own shoulders, and, as no aid was likely to be vouchsafed them from on high, secure, by a legal stratagem, a moiety of the wealth of the Abbacy for their own benefit against the evil day. They accordingly *disposed*, to use the Scottish law phrase, certain estates to the proud Baron of Glencairn, who had been long one of their best and most zealous protectors, but whose single arm, now,

was inefficient to shield them from foes both numerous and infuriated. As the Baron of Glencairn could not command the sum requisite to complete the purchase (ready money being the grand desideratum with the reverend fathers), he borrowed from a gentleman of the name of Lamont, then lately returned with a vast fortune from the Indies, no less a sum than four thousand pounds sterling, in security of which he mortgaged part of the so-purchased lands. On the estate of Culzean, he secured fifteen hundred pounds, and on that of Mount Kennedy the remaining two thousand five hundred.

The Reformation was completed, and the residue of the Abbey lands were escheated to the crown. The influence of the Baron of Glencairn secured him the possessions he had purchased, for which, by the way, he had paid little more than the one-third of their value. The Abbot and his brotherhood retired to France, and Lamont was paid his termly interest upon the mortgages with punctuality.

At the date of the above transaction, all the parties were adherents of the church of Rome; Glencairn had not then acquiesced in the doctrines of the Reformation; and Lamont was staunchly attached to the old religion. Anon, however, the noble Baron avowed himself an



humble and sincere convert to the new faith, and exceedingly much disposed to deny the legality of the debt due to Lamont, still one of the sons of Belial. Nevertheless, he stood in awe of his creditor, whose wealth had given him friends and influence, so that the interest continued to be paid when demanded. Subsequently, Lamont grew tired of the dissensions of Scotland, and the restrictions which were imposed on his religion, and removed also into France, leaving his estate of Calcroich, and his pecuniary affairs, under the factorship of a Protestant relation. In France he died, after appointing his factor and others Executors to his last will, in which the expatriated Abbot, Deans, and Canons were not forgotten. At this juncture, the Baron of Glencairn divests himself of part of the Abbey lands, and gives full title to the purchasers, concealing all knowledge of the mortgages to Lamont. Kenelm Kennedy became the purchaser of the Mount Kennedy estate, and having a large straggling property, that lay contiguous to the barony of Glencairn, he *exchanged* it to the proud Baron for that of Culzean, which he designed for his second and favourite son.

By some adverse conjunction of the planets,



, what is more probable, by some inattention on the part of the Executors, Kenelm Kennedy was three or four years in possession of his estates, and the Baron of Glencairn a twelvemonth at least in his grave, before application was made to the former, for payment of the interest due on the bonds. Kennedy was thunderstruck, and believed the instrument to be fraudulent. The young Baron was indifferent to the consequences, especially as he was busy training his falcons when the fact was communicated to him. But the Executors were not to be eluded of their just claims; and they, with the assistance of Elias M'Candlish, Notary Public in Aire, speedily convinced even the boldest that the mortgages bore the genuine holograph signature of the late Baron, executed before witnesses still alive.

There was, notwithstanding all this, no little difficulty in enforcing payment of the bonds in a court of law. Judges looked, in those days, at all popish proceedings with a jealous eye; and, in this instance, the collusion of the parties pursuing would be urged against the legality of the contract, inasmuch as the lands originally belonged to the dignitaries and ecclesiastics of Mellington Abbey, and

capacity would have fallen to the crown, had they not been opportunely disposed of—a sale, the legality of which was at least questionable. The whole or nearly the whole of the parties to the suit being papists, it was doubtful whether the bonds would not be set aside as fraudulent instruments, concocted for popish purposes.

But Kenelm Kennedy, although he saw the objection which *his lawyers* had it in their power to raise in his favour, was of a disposition that abhorred the wresting of a legal subtlety, or shadowy prejudice, to his advantage, especially when he had obtained satisfactory proof, that the Baron of Glencairn had *bonâ fide* received the money, and that if any fraud appertained to the transaction, he had been the guilty party. He accordingly entered into a negotiation to compromise the debt.

It was finally agreed, that the two bonds should be cancelled, by an annual payment of sixteen hundred *merks* Scots, during the lives of Kenelm Kennedy and his two sons, Thomas and Francis, and that at the demise of the last of these parties, the annuity should cease, and the bonds be delivered up to the heir in succession. A contract was drawn up to this effect, stating the period of the first payment,

and in the preamble to which were enumerated the date and amount of the mortgages, and the object had in view by the several payments—which contract was duly signed by all the Executors and the eldest son of Lamont of Calcroich, on the one hand, and by Culzean and his two sons on the other, in regular form, and before competent witnesses, and the covenant of it statedly performed by the three Kennedys during their lives.

It appears that at the decease of the last of the obligants, the bonds had *not* been delivered up, but, on the contrary, remained in the possession of the ex-Abbot till his death, and having afterwards reverted to Archibald Lamont, son of the first mortgagee, who was a catholic clergyman, they were by him devised, along with various other moveables and chattels, to the Jesuits' College, of Chantilly, in France. The successor of Thomas Kennedy was never applied to respecting them, and none of the family (now divided into distinct branches by the original entail of Kenelm Kennedy, by which Mount Kennedy was settled upon the eldest, and Culzean upon the second son) for nearly a century, had ever heard of the existence of such instruments.

Father Venzani was a fellow of Chantilly College; and, at the time he undertook the

direction of the affairs and schemes of the late Lord Macdonnell, he solicited and obtained permission of the heads of the seminary, to make such use of the old bonds, *for the benefit of the college*, as he might deem fit. He had learned the particulars of Anthony Lesley's claim upon Stirling of Kiermain's, and he judged that a rigorous enforcement of the mortgage upon the Culzean estate would induce Kiermain's, for the sake of his kinsman, to relax his hold upon Lesley's Mailin of Kalekippen.

This was, in the first instance, the sole aim of the Jesuit. But as circumstances evolved, and the views of Father Gerald were threatened to be counteracted, by the attentions of Ludowic Kennedy to the Lady Mary, fresh measures had to be devised. Among other things, it was conceived that by embarrassing the pecuniary affairs of the young Baronet, his intentions towards the object of his affections would, at least, be deferred, and that, consequently, a better chance would be gained of defeating or subverting his hopes altogether. Recourse was accordingly had to the mortgage on the estate of Mount Kennedy; and to render the instrument valid and unquestionable, it was affirmed that it had been recognised, and its interest paid, up to the demise of Sir Ludowic's father. The death of the



late Sir Francis favoured the scheme, and care had been taken to endorse on the back of the bond, the dates of the several pretended payments, as having been made at the office of Multiple Duplies.

On the Culzean mortgage, the receipts of interest had not been acknowledged to so late a period, for the plainest of all reasons, namely, that it was longer since the death of the present proprietor's father. Entries, however, were made in his time, and the arrears of interest stated to be unpaid, swelled up the original sum to about two thousand pounds. To account for the supposed negligence, in not demanding the interest due, it was given out that the bond had been lost or mislaid.

The artifice was plausible; and the letters from Duplies to Culzean were full of expressions of regret at being impelled, in the discharge of his professional duty, to enforce payment of a debt so large, and so unexpectedly revived; but his instructions, he said, were peremptory, to proceed with the *diligence*, which in Scottish law phraseology meant "horning and caption," imprisonment of person, and sequestration of estate and effects, unless the principal sum and interest due were *forthwith* paid. The artifice, we say, was plausible



and the family of Culzean were all at once plunged into the lowest depths of despair, by the ruin which threatened them.

To Sir Ludowic, the announcement of the debt, "Two thousand five hundred pounds, sterling, *instantly*," sounded in his ear like a voice from the grave, or a volley of blunderbusses, from behind a ditch, fired by a Connaught banditti. "Baronet of Mount Kennedy," said he, "thy occupation's gone!"

While consternation spread his sooty wings over the families of the Kennedy, and while the repositories of parchment at the Mount, as well as at Culzean, had been searched for clue, and document explanatory, in vain—while the tenantry dreamt of nothing but expulsion, and the voice of lamentation rang among the woods and cottages, Multiple Duplicates had not been idle in obtaining a *charge* upon the bonds, from the Supreme Court, by which the mortgagers were charged or commanded to make payment to the assigns of Lamont of Calcroich, "within the space of six days, with certification," of the principal sums and penalties of the bonds, at the peril of being "put to the horn at the Mercat-cross of Edinburgh, and shore of Leith, as outlaws to the will of our Sovereign Lord, the King."

To this succeeded a warrant of sale, and, accordingly, the lands of Culzean and Mount Kennedy were announced, by tuck of drum, and by notices at the church-doors of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aire, "to be sold by public roup," and, that the "title-deeds, and articles of roup" were in the hands of Multiple Duplies, "vriter in Glasgow."

It was the opinion of the friends of Culzean, that an interdict of sale should be applied for, from the Court of Session, to stop further proceedings, and gain time to search for documents, and investigate the claims more minutely. Patrick Ramsay alone objected to this measure, on the ground that he had obtained a clue to the object of the proceedings, and the validity of the documents, and that it was of the last importance to ascertain the extent to which the proceedings would be pushed. "My belief is," added he, "that they will not, and *dare* not, enforce the warrant of the Court."

The company gazed on each other with astonishment.

"In the name o' God!" exclaimed Culzean, making an effort to rise from his chair, "in the name o' God, Patrick Ramsay, hae you discovered aught anent the mortgage?"

“What I have discovered,” answered the other, “it would be improper to disclose at present; but I mistake much if I am not possessed of a document that will, in good time, prove the black villany of this transaction. Do you,” continued he, addressing Kennedy, “remember the six-and-thirty receipts, for sixteen hundred merks, Scots, which we discovered in the old scrutoire?”

“There they are,” replied Culzean, pointing to a small parcel carefully tied with tape, “but o’ what use are they?”

“Of infinite use,” rejoined Ramsay, “and I pray you to intrust them to my care. In the mean time, I will adopt measures to prevent the sale, and even the estate from being intruded upon, till the arrival of Sir Ludowic Kennedy, from Ireland, who is hourly expected, and whose presence is of the first moment, to the unravelling of the proceedings.”

It was in vain that all parties pressed young Ramsay to be more explicit. Even to the entreaties of his affianced bride, who implored him to impart, more particularly, the nature of the extraordinary information he possessed, he only replied in a sprightly mood, “Thou hast nought to fear, my Elizabeth, for who knoweth but this disaster may be turned to

good profit; for as our marriage hath been delayed by it, wert thou to prove the jilt or I the fause loon, we would have our action against the Pope as *particeps criminis* to the scaith committed."

"The Pope o' Rome!" exclaimed Stirling of Keirmains, "my niece nicht as weel tak the Foul Fiend afore the Fyfteen—he wad gain the plea by some cruik or ither."

"Revile not the head o' the church," observed Culzean by way of banter, knowing the Laird's predilections the other way, "Revile not the head o' the church, brither, it behooves not gray hairs to speak evil o' dignities."

"Head o' the church!" vociferated Stirling, "head o' the gallows ye mean, Culzean, for there the auld sin-brocker sud hae dangled twal hunder years ago, wi' ane ern chain about his neck, instead o' ern crown on his head, and—"

While this bandiment is going on, we pray the gentle reader to attend us once more in reconnoitring the motions of Multiple Duplies.

"There's less resistance been shown than I redded," said the attorney to Anthony Lesley, who had come to enquire after the proceedings, "the sale o' the Culzean yestate taks place at Embrugh on neist Friday, and the Munt Kennedy the second mercat-day thereafter, so you



see the bools row richt sae far, Maister Lesley—but what think you o' the ten shilling, lan' o' auld extent—the Gryfeland, I mean—it's a bonny spot, guid crap an' pasture lan' too, as ony ye'll see, and the richt o' sa'mont fishing at the mouth o' the Cart—what think ye o't, Maister Lesley?"

Lesley's answer was suspended by the entrance of Wattie Moderwill, who intimated that a suspension and interdict had been granted by the Lords of Session of the sale of the Mount Kennedy estate.—

"The Culzean yestate ye mean, Wattie," eagerly interrupted Duplies.

"Na," rejoined the Confidential, "nae mention is made o't."

"That's deevilish odd!" observed the attorney. "Ech, Munt Kennedy an' no Culzean, and the sale o' the ane a hail fortnight behint the ither! Gude save us! but Harry Henburn and the callant Ramsay are silly chiels. Let me hear the reasons o' interdict, Wattie."

Those of our male readers (for, out of the true love we bear them, we pray Gód there's not a lady between St. Paul's and the kirk steeple of Tain, who knows any thing of the business) who are acquainted with the forms of the law practice of Scotland are aware, that in



the merry days of King Charles, as well as in after times, all that was necessary to procure a suspension of proceedings, even in the last stage of the delays of the law, was the setting forth in a petition to the Court some plausible statement of grievance ; the detection of error in the decision of the judge as to matter of fact, for instance ; the misconstruction or contradiction of evidence, or the fortunate discovery of documents relative to the case, and fifty other reasons, by which justice might be called upon to institute further enquiry. On such grounds, whether real or feigned, and stated sometimes from a good, and sometimes from a bad motive, the Court suspended its own decrees, and the decisions of inferior Courts, till the parties were heard afresh.

Andrew Murdoch, who was factor, factotum and major-domo at Mount Kennedy, was resolved that the young baronet's interest should not suffer in his absence, if the law of Scotland could prevent it ; and he accordingly with the assistance of Peter Birley, writer, in Stranraer, concocted sufficient reasons for staying proceedings, which being in proper form submitted to the Court, procured the interdict alluded to. Birley was an old campaigner of the law,

and knew that truth, though serviceable be-  
times, and a good ally, was not an indispen-  
sable ingredient in the reasons for granting an  
interdict. The fact was, he had no reasons to  
adduce, save the absence of Sir Ludowic; for  
both he and the factor were alike ignorant of  
the justice or injustice of the proceedings. How-  
ever, he strung together such arguments as  
came readiest to his mind, or were suggested by  
Murdoch. Facts probably found their way  
into the statement by random; but as these  
were but the fancies of the memorialists, they  
were left to make such effect upon the opposite  
party as they might, provided they answered  
the present emergency.

The Confidential read the memorial from be-  
ginning to end, which consisted only of twenty-  
nine reasons for granting the prayer of the  
petition.

“Gude save us!” exclaimed Duplies when  
Moderwill had finished, “did ony leeving man  
ever hear siccan a ramstam, jumilly, cleesh-  
ma-claver bundle o’ nonsense an’ lees as this  
petition conteens? The chiel Langsheet’s gane  
glaiKET! But we’ll ca’ a nail in that matter  
soon enuigh; and what alane confoonds me is,  
that there’s nac interdict o’ the Culzean! I

canna jaloöse a reäson for stopping the ae sale an' no the ither. No a word about it, ye say in the letter Wattie?"

"No."

"Weel then, Maister Lesley, gin ye'll ca' the morn, I'll commune wi' ye farther on the business," said the learned writer, and the refugee and the Confidential departed.

It did not escape the keen and shrewd penetration of Duplies, that there was something mysterious in the conduct of his legal antagonists. When he undertook the cause, he calculated upon being encountered with protests upon protests, suspensions, interdicts, appeals, and all the impediments which the law allows to procrastinate and purify its final decisions. In short, he felt disappointed at not meeting with such opposition, which would have materially contributed to swell his costs. These he knew were sure; and he therefore dreaded that if he were to be permitted to walk the course, and take possession of the property without contention or litigation, his clients would have considerably the advantage over him in point of gain,—a conclusion to a successful lawsuit which rarely happened in his hands.

But Multiple had more than all this to stand *in terrorum* of. He knew that his antago-

nists were skilful men; and the uninterrupted way in which they permitted him to proceed with the Culzean property, when considered in conjunction with some of the terms and allusions in the Petition for interdict, boded rather inauspiciously to the personal safety of the pursuers. In fact, he thought Peter Birley's averments, though proceeding from the fancy of that learned person, bore too strong an allusion to the real facts of the case. In these dubious circumstances, he conceived that the safest course to pursue would be to postpone the sale of the one property, till the interdict on the other should be discussed.

But as it was necessary to learn the real intentions of his antagonists, he applied to the Court for a warrant to cut down such timber on the lands of Culzean, as the mortgagee's assigns might deem proper, the proceeds of which to be appropriated to the reduction of the debt. This was granted as a matter of course, no opposition being made on the part of Ramsay; and Duplies determined at all hazards to put this warrant in force, and thereby discover the concealed designs of the opposite lawyers.

Young Ramsay watched every motion of the Glasgow attorney, and as soon as he learnt that

a party of timber merchants, sawyers, peelers, fellers, and others were engaged to proceed to Ayrshire, to value, cut, and sell, the woods of Culzean, he instantly adopted measures to defeat them. What these were shall be told hereafter.

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CHAPTER V.

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She spake with the calm utterance of despair,  
In tones deep breathed and low.  
But now upon her rigid countenance,  
Severest anguish set a fixedness,  
Ghastlier than death.—*The Laureat.*

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THE toils of the true historian are like unto those of the seafaring man. The incidents of a long narrative are like the shoals, and headlands, and adverse winds, and cross tides which the mariner hath to encounter; for to collect these incidents and place them in so parallel a situation to each other, that the reader's eye may embrace the whole at the same instant, we have to tack and put about, miss stays and then veer, bear-up upon one point, and lay-to upon another, weather this reef and double that cape, traversing at every angle in Euclid the course we are most anxious to steer. To the extent of a chapter or so we are favoured perhaps with a clear run in smooth water—wind upon our starboard quarter—with a breeze

brisk enough to fill our sails fore and aft, and sweep us along at the delectable rate of eight knots—we mean *pages* per diem; but at the end of the chapter flap goes the main sheet to the mast, the streamer droops, the dog-vane oscillates, and a biting, surly “north-wester,” comes whistling and freezing full in our teeth.

Well, what are we to do, but change our course? so that after our commands have been issued and obeyed—“let go the main and fore-royal-sail hawlyards; clew up the fore-sheet and mizen top-sail; brace the yards fore-and-aft for a larboard tack—belay—steady—so,”—we have to make the most of our case, and beat *in* channel, with our good ship’s head five points and a half by the wind, as near as she will lay, the current running strong and cross as sea-fiend or mermaid in her angriest mood could desire, and a boiling jumbly surge washing fairly over us, and tossing us up and down among the ridges and furrows of the yeasty sea, as if we were like old mother Carey’s chickens, impervious to the elements. Is it not so, courteous reader? This chapter we stand upon one tack, the next upon another, and the third we alter our course altogether and bear out to sea again, making our preceding tactics appear as so much strength, grog, time, and

tackling expended in vain. Yea, so it seemeth to the eye of calm philosophy !

Conformably to our seamanship return we again to the white-fringed green-island of the west.

Few were the occurrences on the confines of Connaught that were unknown to Bridget of the Cliff. She was conversant with the private affairs—with the contentions, misfortunes, and machinations of almost every family of distinction in that part of the kingdom. She strayed from place to place, from castle to castle, from cabin to cabin, giving unstinted rein to her inquisitive disposition—prying into family secrets—hovering like a bird of prey on the rear of a *coshering*, ferreting villany to its hiding place—and tracing crime to its source.

Her influence with the peasantry was despotic. She lived in habits of intimacy with all sorts of suspected persons—outlaws, recusants, and even puritan preachers, who, as they durst not be seen within forty or fifty miles of the capital, were glad to court her favour, to gain intelligence and bear messages, of which her punctuality was almost proverbial. She was familiar with the secrets of the last description of persons on account of her usefulness, arising from her erratic life; and she swayed the

others, namely, outlaws, rovers, and banditti of every class, from her reputed *evil eye*—from her proficiency in all the traditional rhymes and charms of the country—and from her supposed familiarity with goblins and fairies, and her frequent visits to raths, and ruins, and lonely sepulchres, at midnight, where, it was believed, she maintained a correspondence with perturbed spirits of the grave, and unreleased probationers of purgatory, from whom she learnt forthcoming events, and the particulars of all the foul deeds committed in the neighbourhood. This evil-eyed reputation kept the superstitious and credulous peasantry in awe of her.

The officious and prying qualifications of Bridget Halloren were early directed to the misfortunes of Lord Louis Macdonnell. Her acquaintance with Barty O'Brian and his band had afforded her opportunities of extorting, especially from Mark Brennan, over whom she possessed considerable influence, such facts and admissions as furnished her, as she imagined, with a clue to the abducted children. So effectually had she wrought upon the fears of the Killeny sheep-feeder, that she had drawn from him, time after time, such hints as induced her to undertake a journey to the house of Molly O'Brian, mine hostess of the signless



hostelry in the purlieus of Temple-lane, Dublin.

Gentle Molly, as she was sometimes called, though seared in the vices of an irregular life, was, nevertheless, but a young woman of not more than thirty-five or thirty-six years of age. Canary and its consequences had added at least ten years to that in her appearance. Although she inclined to corpulency, and had a robust, and what a casual observer would have deemed a healthy countenance, yet she had for years been a prey to an internal disorder which had insidiously wasted her frame, till its fatal termination had become irresistible. When the dwarf visited her she was in the last stage of this malady, which had for some time been accelerated by want of care in the patient, and by various sorts of obnoxious and pernicious medicines forced upon the unhappy woman by her professional attendants;—medicines and prescriptions, by the way, of which we of England in this enlightened age, God be praised! know nothing practically.

With gentle Molly, Bridget of the Cliff had no acquaintance; but she easily found an introduction through some of those official beldames who prowl round the death-beds of wickedness, and to whom her character and reputation



were well known. Bridget soon became leader of the hag-cabal, and the arch-priestess in the mysteries of exorcism, palmistry, and divination. She read the patient's fate—rehearsed the chief transactions of her life—and even counted the hours and minutes of her future days in the palm of her hand. From her hectic dreams she deduced the errors of her past conduct, and laid open the volume of her secret sins and offences in the indented cross lines of her now emaciated countenance. In short, Bridget so wrought upon the fears of the unfortunate female as induced her to confess the various transactions of her life, in which she had either been a party, or which had been contrived or completed under her roof. Little, however, could she elicit from her relative to the Abduction; and when pressed to impart something concerning it, she uniformly replied, that when she did tell what she knew of that transaction, it would only be to her confessor, or to Lord Macdonnell himself!

It did not escape Bridget's discrimination that Molly O'Brian was on her death-bed; and she concluded, that if some reverend confessor could be brought to visit her, before it were too late, important information might be elicited concerning the stolen infants. But the

dwarf also saw that there would be considerable difficulty in procuring the attendance of a Catholic clergyman who would permit such information as the dying woman might give to be communicated to the renegade Lord Macdonnell. Bridget practised the rites, and profitted by the prejudices, while she was sensible of the insidious and surreptitious practices of the priests, whom she knew too well to entrust with any information that effected their own reputations. Besides, she had ascertained enough to satisfy her that some active emissary of that communion was less or more implicated in the transaction; in which case any disclosures hurtful to his good name would inevitably be suppressed.

In this dilemma the dwarf lost no time in returning to Aviemar, and imparting the information she had received to Captain Kennedy, judging that his influence with Lord Macdonnell would induce that nobleman to employ some confessor in whom he could trust. Sir Ludovic (who, by the by, and notwithstanding the loving injunctions of a certain fair lady, had taken no new precautions for his personal safety) on the next day stated to the Lady Mary, at Baldunaven Castle, the facts communicated him by Bridget of the Cliff, and suggested

that Father O'Leary should be employed on the important mission, as confessor to the dying woman.

The good father was one on whose integrity they could depend. His piety, learning, and varied attainments, placed him far above the common herd of illiterate and itinerant priests of the Catholic church; while his retired life, the simplicity of his manners, and his sincere and unostentatious piety, unfitted him for intrigue or hypocrisy. In addition to this, Father O'Leary had for a length of time entertained a strong attachment for the officer, which was not diminished, probably, by an occasional largess which the other bestowed on him. Of the Lady Mary he was passionately fond, and would do any thing to oblige her; so that, by this conjunctive influence, the good priest was warped into the undertaking in a way that he could not resist, and engaged to set out for Dublin without delay, Kennedy furnishing him with a letter of introduction to Lord Macdonnell.

Bridget Halloren was the first known person he met on his arrival in the capital, who intimated that she had prepared the patient for his reception. The confessor prevailed upon the woman to give Lord Macdonnell an interview,

and disclose to him the information she possessed.

It was in the twilight of the evening when his lordship and the father confessor visited the abode of the unhappy Molly O'Brian. She had removed from the house which she inhabited when visited by his lordship nearly three years before. With the increase of her distemper her business had diminished—her patrons left her—her credit failed her—her servants plundered her—and her ill-gotten gains began rapidly to disappear. She was consequently impelled to abandon her “establishment,” and retire to an obscure lodging on the ground floor, in a house a short distance from her old abode, where she subsisted upon the residue of her goods and chattels.

It was, indeed, a wretched apartment that overlooked one of the common sewers of the city, dark and damp, and impervious to all air, but such as was wafted by the street breeze through the low, narrow, smoky passage, or passed over the putrescent sewer aforesaid. The door opened by a wooden latch, and showed in one corner a wicker bedstead, capable only of holding one person, and around the upper part of which, fixed to the wainscot on the one side and to an iron rod on the other,



was wrapped a soiled blue and white chequered linen curtain—a sad emblem of the fortunes of the dying and deserted wretch who lay under it. In another corner of the room stood a blackened deal chest, the sole depository of the patient; upon which were placed empty bottles, drugs untasted or tasted in vain, herbs yet unsteeped, but no doubt furnished for that purpose, and deemed by the faculty of matrons sovereign specifics in the distemper. Before a small turf fire on the hearth sat three old women, two of them leaning upon their long tawny bare arms laid across their knees, and the third busy in stirring some syrup which she was warming on the fire. The patient had fallen into a stupor—the exhausted interval between the paroxysms of her disorder—which generally lasted but a few minutes, and was succeeded by fresh convulsions, the fatal preludes to the last struggle of nature.

On Lord Macdonnell and the priest entering this miserable habitation, the dress of the latter, as well as his words, intimated to the matrons that he had come to confess the dying woman, and administer to her the last solemn rite of the Catholic religion. The mourning in which the former was clad likewise betokened him to be a reverend brother accompanying



the confessor, and they accordingly, as in these cases, withdrew. The small taper that made the gloom of the apartment more visible had to be lifted to the bedside, to point out where the penitent lay, and whether she were in a state to make the expected disclosure. The glare of the rushlight aroused her from her torpor, and as she opened her eyes she recognised her visitors.

“Woman,” said the priest, “I have, as you wished, brought hither Lord Macdonnell, to whom it is your desire to impart certain things under the sanction of a minister of religion.”

At the mention of the nobleman’s name the penitent made a convulsive effort to raise herself from the bed, but nature was too weak, and it was ineffectual. She immediately exclaimed, with a faint, tremulous voice, “Where, where is the Lord Macdonnell?”

His lordship approached where she lay—intimated who he was, and the nature of his visit.

“O, the poor orphan babes!” again interjected the woman, seizing his Lordship’s hand, with which she made the sign of the cross on her brow, and then placed it to her pale lips with a sort of frantic devotion—“O, the poor babes!—our Mother forgive the hardhearted

keepers o' them—many a salt tear have they cost poor Molly O'Brian."

O'Leary here requested her to tell to his lordship what she knew of the transaction.

"With God's forgiveness, I will," said the unhappy female, wringing her hands apparently in great mental agony, as the tears flowed down her ghastly and lifeless features. She accordingly waited a return of breath, and leaning her head nearer the bedside, spoke nearly as follows, in a dialect far above that of the common orders of her countrywomen.

"Alice O'Brian," she said, "your lordship's nurse that was, was my cousin, by my father's side—she came sometimes to see me in the court o'er the way, an' bringing the infants with her. Then I held a higher head than I do now on this wicker-bed, short as the time is; and among the gentlemen that came to my house was one called 'The Master Workington,' a foreign gentleman as I knew by his strange speech, an' who I guessed, and was free enough to say, was a priest, (God forgive me, if I guessed wrong!) This Master Workington met often in my house with one Barty O'Brian, a namesake o' my own, an' Mark Brennan, and some others, an' they had great carousals and long sittings sometimes, and the gentleman paid for

all. Well, Alice was coming often to the lane at this time, an' Mark was sure to be there with her, and I saw that she was in love with him, for she told me herself that this Brennan had promised her marriage, and had kissed the cross on't, an' it was to *be* before Christmas may be. At last the foreign gentleman told me that Alice and Brennan were to be married in a few days, an' that Alice would have to leave her service, and go to live privately, lest the proud Protestant lord should punish her husband for enticing her away; and he made me swear on the blessed cross never to reveal what I knew about them. On the day the childer were stole, Alice came to the lane and brought her box and her bundles, and Mark came soon after. 'An' so ye're going to be married, Alice,' said I. 'Yes,' said she, 'an' the priest is waiting at Howth, an' we're to go an' live in England, Molly, for better an' worse, to be beyond the reach o' Lord Macdonnell.' 'An' what are ye doing with the lady babbies?' said I. 'O,' said she, 'I'll take them with me a part o' the way, an' send them back with Mother Renehan; for it will not do,' said she, 'to send them home till I'm well off, anyhow.' "——

"O, the poor innocents!" continued the

dying woman, after recovering from the fatigue of so long a narrative, “this is all I can tell your lordship about the matter—they were carried away, an’ I’ve never seen nor heard o’ Alice since.”

After she had more fully recovered, his lordship enquired what became of Workington.

“I ne’er saw him in the lane but once afterwards.”

“Did he promise or give you any reward for your secrecy?”

“He sent me by Brennan twenty crowns, and Brennan said the business was done for the church, an’ that I must be secret.”

“And how did Brennan account for his remaining in Ireland after his wife had left the country?”

“He told me afterwards that the marriage ne’er took place—that it was all to blind me—an’ that Alice was happy with a better husband.”

“Did he say *where*, good woman?”

“He sometimes in his cups talked of Scotland, and at other times about Wales, or the land o’ Walis, which I did not understand.”

“And are you unacquainted with where Brennan now is?”

“They all deserted me when the deed was



done—the gentleman, Barty, Brennan, and then all. I never did any good after your lordship apprehended them in my house, and when they were freed, no one, except Brennan, ever came back. I was left in the lurch to starve and die on this wicker-bed; but God forgive them, and pardon me”——

Nature could struggle no longer—the mechanism was exhausted—the heart throbbed its last pang, and the wretched female expired.

“The lamp is out,” said Bridget of the Cliff, suddenly appearing from behind the chequered curtain. “Sign the cross, good father, on the poor thing’s brow, to scare away evil from the corpse.”

The ravings of the penitent—the distressed situation of Lord Macdonnell—and, withal, the sudden appearance of this unearthly creature as the spark of life fled from the body, had so overpowered the feelings of Father O’Leary, that it was several minutes before he was awakened to a sense of his religious duties. Soon, however, all was decorously performed—the women were sent for and informed of what had happened, and the dwarf was left in charge of the remaining property of the deceased, and was requested to see her properly interred, the expense of which his lordship said



he would defray. This Bridget undertook most joyously; and a blyther wake had not been heard for a long time, in the purlieus of Temple-lane, than the one upon the remains of "Gentle Molly O'Brian," and at which she of the Cliff presided.

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CHAPTER VI.

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One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery,  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

*Prince of Tyre.*

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SOME time previous to the incident narrated in the preceding chapter, General Sir Pettigrew Malverne had solicited and obtained, from Lord Macdonnell, his Lordship's consent, that Captain Kennedy should pay his addresses to the Lady Mary, though he distinctly intimated that his concurrence was merely formal, as he retained no control over his sister, or any of the members of his family. From this peculiar situation of his Lordship, the approbation of the Lady Dowager became imperative, in the first instance; and, upon being pressed by his nephew, the old gentleman made a visit to Baldunaven Castle for that purpose.

He was received by her Ladyship, in the black-tapestried parlour, a reception which, though uncourteous, was rendered necessary

by the state of her health, which had recently undergone a material change for the worse. Her whole frame was emaciated almost to a spectre of what it had been; and her once handsome features, now pale and shrivelled, and frigid—her colourless glassy eye—her hollow cheek—her faint and tuneless voice—all told the melancholy tale of enfeebled strength, and foreboded a speedy separation of the soul from its frail tenement.

The General explained the object of his interview, as briefly as possible.

“I have not been an unconcerned spectator,” said the Lady Dowager, “of the attentions of Sir Ludowic Kennedy to my daughter; and it was owing to the courtesy he was entitled to, at my hands, and the sense of honour which I knew belonged to his nature, as well as the esteem I bore him, that I did not, ere now, warn him of the danger of misplacing his affections—ours is a fallen house, Sir Pettigrew.”

“My nephew’s affections direct him to court an honourable alliance; and his rank, my Lady, is——”

“I doubt it not,” interrupted her Ladyship, “and, for that reason, it pains me the more to restrain them. Know’st thou not

Sir Pettigrew, that Mary Macdonnell is a dowerless orphan, who, at my demise, will have no other independency than the savings of a few years of her mother's jointure? Alas! she is no bride for an earthly affiance—she is the first, and, I pray Heaven she may be the last, of our house, whom penury, more than piety, hath trained for religious retirement! It grieves me much, Sir Pettigrew Malverne, to be impelled to restrict the free choice of my child; and not a little to return so uncourteous a denial to your nephew; but it can never be with my approval, that Mary Macdonnell should become a dependant on her brother Louis, or unite her fate with one whose happier fortune would only remind her the more bitterly, in after years, of her own and her family's degradation.”

The old General did not see the force of these nice distinctions, which her Ladyship pourtrayed, as to the disparity of fortune, and stated that Sir Ludowic's revenues were ample, and his expectations considerable.

“ You, in part, mistake me,” replied her Ladyship, “ less disparity of fortune might have rendered such a match more eligible, without ministering to the mutual happiness of the parties. There are other obstacles. Can I,

in the face of Heaven's judgments, give my consent to an alliance by which the blessed sacrament of marriage is turned into derision, and give my last remaining child up, as if in aggravation of her brother's offences? Mother of God forbid it! I wash my hands from such an outrage on the pure faith of my ancestors. If the church should consent, I stand absolved; but I would not, for this world's riches, take upon my soul the consequences of such an act."

"Then your Ladyship *refuses* your concurrence to my nephew's addresses?"

"Pardon me, General Malverne," answered the Lady Dowager, considerably agitated, "be pleased to bear my assurance to Sir Ludowic Kennedy, that no one holds a loftier opinion of his merits than I do; but that I cannot rebel against my faith, nor break my sworn vows!—Say to him, Sir Pettigrew, that it is my desire, so soon as it shall please Heaven to remove me from this scene of tears, that my daughter be placed under the control of her natural guardian, her disinherited brother, and seek a retreat from the cares and apostasies of these hapless times, in some convent which he shall name. This is my will, General Malverne, and it shall constitute part of my last injunctions to the Lady Mary."



Sir Pettigrew withdrew.

When the General imparted the result of this conference to his nephew, he endeavoured to divert its natural tendency upon his spirits, by observing, that the Lady Dowager, although somewhat imperious in her demands, as the States were with old Turenne, before the battle of Mechlin, yet he did not doubt, but, that in the progress of the campaign, she would come to more honourable terms; "for," said he, "she has a strong liking for thee, my lad—prays for thee night and morn, and although she talks of sending thy sweet to a convent, 'tis not till after her Ladyship's in her grave, when a flag o' truce to her son, the French refugee, will settle the contest to thy wishes;—if not, why, Sir Lud, thou must make the best retreat thou canst, spike the heavy guns, thou know'st, and set down before some less formidable fortress. That was the way we did in Flanders, my boy."

Kennedy felt keenly the discountenance of the Lady Dowager; but he still leant upon the "lover's staff," and trusted that Father Gerald, the late Lord, might eventually be induced to unbend from the rigour of religious prejudices, and sanction the union. As for the Lady Mary, she heard the resolution of

her mother with less emotion than might have been expected. But she felt an inward pang at the premature announcement of it; for, however much she was aware of her mother's sentiments, and devoted to her will, she fondly trusted that her own influence, and the affection which the Lady Dowager entertained for Kennedy, when backed with the persuasions of Father O'Leary, would ultimately overcome her Ladyship's scruples. Now, however, she considered her fortune fixed, and she was resigned. She even repressed the faint hopes of her lover, and strove to convince him, that all further continuance of his suit was fruitless. "No, Kennedy," said she, "my mother's commands I hold sacred. It is not enough that my heart may stray from the gloom of the cloister—it will be *my* duty to circumscribe its wanderings. I confess I could have wished it otherwise—I *think* I could have been happy in the performance of avocations more worldly—but what avails it? I alone am the sufferer. You have the flowery path of life before you—you have rank, and fortune, and accomplishments, to place you on a level with the proudest, and, believe me, whilst the Almighty shall be pleased to bless your alliance with a Lady more deserving of your love, Mary Mac-

donnell, the refugee of a noble family, an exile, poor, and unknown, will, each day of her existence, ask a blessing on thy welfare. This, Kennedy, is all I can proffer thee in return for thy friendship."

The young Baronet urged her to hope, that still another and a happier fate awaited her; and, that if her mother should do no more than commit her to her brother's directions, *he* might be induced to acquiesce in, and even promote, the consummation of their union. He afterwards intimated, that private affairs made it requisite that he should undertake a journey to Scotland, which would impose upon him an absence of two or three months, but he requested that their correspondence might be continued as usual, to which she assented. They parted with mutual wishes for each other's happiness.

The reader will recollect that, at the time Major Sarney departed for Scotland, Father Venzani transmitted, by one of his secret couriers, certain private instructions, to Felix O'Gorman, relative to his conduct towards the Lady Mary. These official despatches had been duly received, and since then, O'Gorman, though active in maturing his designs, had made no attempt, either by himself, or his

emissaries, upon the personal safety of Captain Kennedy. A cessation of hostilities ensued, as if some mutiny had burst out among the allies of the Jesuit.

The fact was, Felix had exchanged “the neighing steed and the shrill trump,” for the lute and the looking-glass, and with all the ardour of an O’Gorman, and the high-souled chivalry of Connaught, had resolved to captivate the heart and gain the hand of his fair cousin. He was now frequent in his visits to the Castle—affected to take a kinsman’s interest in the health of the Lady Dowager, whom, by the way, he seldom saw; and, when an opportunity offered, he even condescended to express, in an insinuating manner, to the Lady Mary, that in no spot in the sainted island of the Emerald did his affections so much love to linger, as in the bowers and mazes of Baldunaven—within sight of the Harper’s Tower—the wolf-dog saliant, and,

The Ladye fair, that childless left,  
Looks from the castle wall;

which hints, however, our fair cousin either did not understand, or most maliciously and provokingly treated with indifference.

It was considered requisite, that before Sir



Ludowic should leave Ireland, he should procure such of his late father's papers as might be useful in investigating his affairs in Scotland. For that purpose, he determined on visiting Cork, where Sir Francis died, and where his solicitors were still employed in winding up his concerns. But, as he learnt from some expressions which had fallen from Molly O'Brian, that Lord Macdonnell cherished a belief that his children had been conveyed to Scotland, he thought it his duty to apprise his Lordship of his intended visit to that country, and tender his services, in any way he might suggest, in endeavouring to trace the infants.

He went to Dublin for that purpose. The Noble Lord, after expressing his sense of the kindness which the officer had done him, stated that he had, a few days after the confession of Mistress O'Brian, employed a person, whom he had in his youth known in France, to make enquiries in Scotland. This man, he said, who being a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit, and well acquainted with the partisans of the Catholic church, in that kingdom, would, from this circumstance, be better able to collect such information, as would be most likely to lead to their discovery—if the children had been or were in that country.



“ But can your Lordship depend on a person of this order ?” enquired Kennedy.

“ I persuade myself I may,” answered the nobleman, “ in *this* matter ; for although I believe Father Philip de Regnis to be a perfect adept in the science of deceit, still he is to be *bought* ; and, from what I know of his proceedings against the government, he is somewhat at my mercy.”

“ But doth your Lordship think that I can render this reverend Father any service, for your advantage, should I meet him in Scotland ?”

“ Unquestionably. You can be of material use to him and myself. Here—this is his address, “ The Reverend Hosiah M‘Gill, Preacher of the Gospel, to be heard of at the sign of the Olive Branch, in the Cow-caddens, Glasgow.”

“ What, my Lord ! a Jesuit turned presbyterian ?”

“ Yes, Sir Ludowic, but more, I fear, for the interest of the old Lady of Rome than the Scottish kirk—but with this it behoves me not to interfere—you, Captain, may make such use of it as may advantage you.”

After promising to find out the Reverend Hosiah M‘Gill, when he should reach Scotland, our hero took his leave of Lord Mac-

donnell, for the southward; intending, should he be able to procure a vessel in that quarter; to proceed direct to his destination in Scotland, without again returning by the Irish capital.

Felix O'Gorman's repeated and unequivocal attentions to the Lady Mary gave the latter some uneasiness. She had avoided him, till every common-place excuse and evasion had become stale; and yet her gallant kinsman continued his visits with undiminished affection. But, as the Lady Mary rarely gave him an opportunity of unbosoming his sentiments, the doughty descendant of King Fodlah, it was thought, had at length become tired of telling his love to the trees of the long walk, and the old paintings in the hall, and had, in consequence, become less punctual and pressing in his visits.

During this tranquillity, the Lady Mary adventured on a walk, at the desire of her mother, and attended only by a female servant. It was an afternoon in the middle of Autumn. The day had been warm, and the slanting bright beams of the sun threw the shadows of the tall beech and elm trees so far upon the dry and variegated verdure beneath, as formed a cool and pleasant retreat from the

heat of the rays. The white fleecy clouds that sailed along the blue face of Heaven, were reflected in the still clear pool formed by the rivulet, which was overlooked from the arbour on the brow of the precipice. The waterfall in the distance, the yellow dwarf trees in the glen, and the green margin of the silver stream, could not fail to excite pleasurable emotions, in the breast of one so sensitive to the charms of nature. She gazed for some time upon this lovely scene, and thought of the last time she had visited it in other company—she listened to the singing din of the cascade, and imagined it the distant rippling sound of the waves of the sea—she looked toward the green hills of Galway in the distance, and bethought her of the high brown mountains of Scotland, of whose grandeur she had heard something—she heaved a sigh, and——

We pursue the natural current of the maiden's cogitations no further—it would border on profanation !

Such reflections, however, and the delight she derived from almost every object that caught her eye, prolonged the Lady Mary's walk to a later hour than she intended, and the sun was beginning to glide over the high land to the westward, before she thought of

returning homewards. At the farthest, however, she had not strayed above a mile from the Castle, so that a few minutes' hasty walk, she deemed, would return her to it.

At an angle of one of the long rides among the trees, which led in the directest course towards home, our heroine unapprehensive of danger, but walking speedily, leaning upon her attendant, was accosted by a man, whose face, covered with a dark veil, and further obscured by the dark branches of the trees overhead, was entirely strange to her. He was followed by four others on horseback; so that before she had sufficiently recovered from her surprise, to demand the meaning of the interruption, she and her domestic were seized by the person on foot, while one of his companions dismounting, lifted her from the ground, and placed her in the arms of another of the horsemen, who instantly put spurs to his courser, and galloped in the direction of the highway. The servant was treated in a similar manner, by another of the party, but instead of being carried in the direction of her mistress, was set down about twenty miles from the Castle, in the direction of Dublin.

It did not so fare with the Lady Mary. In a state of insensibility, only interrupted by



the short intervals of mental agony that divided one swoon from another, she was carried, wrapped in part of the rider's coat, a distance of twenty Irish miles, so that when the morning dawned, she found herself entering the narrow court-yard of an ancient and ruinous building, in an unknown part of the country. She heard the horsemen dismount, and, as some one supported her, while the person in whose arms she had been held, disengaged himself from the saddle, her ear caught the sound of Felix O'Gorman's voice, as he uttered, "Fear not, my gentle cousin, all shall soon be well."

"Merciful Providence!" shrieked the terrified Lady—recalled, as it were, to momentary life and suffering by these thrilling words, from one whom she so much feared—and was carried into the interior of the building.

The Castle of Boybally had, in times past, been the principal residence of the M'Carthy's—barons of that name—who, at one period, possessed an extensive territory on the borders of the county of Tipperary. It subsequently fell into the hands of a rival chief, of the name of Sullivan, who, after destroying part of the building, devised the remainder, on his death-bed, to a fraternity of capuchins, on condition



that two masses should be said for the peace of his soul, annually, and in all time coming, the one on All-hallow-eve, and the other on Shrove-tide; the anniversaries of two bloody but disastrous battles in which he had been engaged. It was afterwards deserted by these holy persons, probably for the sake of a more secure and convenient asylum, that is to say, in a more prolific part of the country; for, at the period to which we allude, it was in a dilapidated state—part of its walls removed by the peasantry, and the old hall, the scene of was-sail and jollity in the days of the M'Carthies, and of devotion in those of the friars, converted into a shelter for sheep and horned cattle, by which it was entered by a breach in the wall.

Originally it was a quadrangular building, flanked at the two front angles by round towers, that rose several feet above the elevation of the main walls, and terminated in rustic battlements, whence could be commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country—the rugged hills of Cunnamara in the north-west, and the limpid Shannon winding along among green plains to the southward. The entrance to the Castle, when the barons had no feud in active operation, which, indeed,

seldom happened, was in front by a low narrow gothic porch, secured by an oaken door, and further fortified, at the inner wall, by a portcullis of extraordinary strength. When danger threatened, the only entrance was by a small aperture (for it could scarcely be called a door) in one of these towers, which led to a strait and circular staircase, protected at each turning by a recess in the wall, whence a single man well armed, could in comparative safety, defend the passage against any number of assailants.

The situation of the building corresponded with its architectural strength, being on the summit of a rising ground, the two sides of which were washed by the waters of the Shannon, which were sufficiently deep and rapid to protect the castle from any sudden attack from these points. On the land side, it had no other defence than the declension of the ground, and a dry fossé, over which had once been a draw-bridge.

The south-west angle was the only part that had not yielded to the iron teeth of time, and the demolishing levers of the peasantry, in which two or three apartments were preserved entire, not so much from any antiquarian remorse, on the part of either the proprietor or

the tenantry, as from a belief which prevailed, that that part of the building was haunted, and that on certain nights of the week, and at a particular hour, a female apparition was to be seen looking out at one of the loop-holes of the staircase, holding a lighted taper in one hand, and pointing with the other to a bloody gash on the head, as if intimating that *there* the murderous wound had been inflicted. In addition to this, moanings and shrill voices, and sounds like expiring groans, had often been heard to proceed from the haunted staircase.

The apartments which this unfortunate lady with the lighted taper had had the merit of preserving from the merciless picks of the peasantry (a proof that apparitions were of use in the olden time), consisted of one spacious room, in which the oaken wainscot was greatly decayed so much so, that the bare black stone walls were visible in many places. Contiguous to this was a small chamber in much better preservation, the tapestry still remaining, and even some of the figures pretty distinct. Above this, ascending by a stair, that communicated with a concealed door behind the arras, was another room, of the same dimensions as the one below, but obviously prepared and newly furnished for the occasion. It contained two

or three chairs, a small table, and a folding couch or bed—a fire was lighted in the chimney, and a straw truss, containing wine and viands, stood in a corner.

It was to this last apartment that the Lady Mary had been carried; so that when her bewildered senses returned, she found herself reclining on the couch before the fire, and attended by an unknown female.

She demanded where she was?—who had brought her thither? what was their purpose? and such enquiries as flashed all at once on her mind as her recollection became more clear. To these the old woman replied, in a seemingly sarcastic tone, that she was in the custody of her kinsman Felix O’Gorman, “a brave and a gallant gentleman, who loved her to distraction, and who intended to make her his happy bride with the church’s blessing, an honour,” added the speaker, “which many a fair lady will doubtless envy.”

“And where is this O’Gorman,” asked the Lady Mary, “who dares to address such proposals to me?”

“Hush, my Lady,” said the attendant, pointing with her withered finger to the floor, “he is here!”

The loud tone in which her question was



uttered had aroused her relative, who now entered the chamber.

“O’Gorman,” said she, addressing him, “what meaneth this outrage? Is this the act of a kinsman? Is this the duteous concernment thou takest in the health of my infirm mother?”

To these queries our cavalier replied that his conduct was regulated as well by the affection he bore her, the advice of the ministers of the church whose holy religion she was about to prostrate at the feet of an intruder and a heretic, as by the approbation of her brother the exiled Lord Macdonnell, and he doubted not by the approval also of the Lady Dowager, when the whole facts should be unfolded to her—“If these, my gentle cousin,” he continued, “be not goodly reasons for rescuing thee from the hands of an English adventurer, one of those military vampires who suck the life-veins of this unhappy country, pillaging our lands, scorning our faith, and now, as in your instance, my fair cousin, entering our hospitable mansions, and enticing from their allegiance to their God and his church, our daughters and our sisters—if these be not goodly reasons for this act, here am I who have kneeled at your feet, an humble and imploring suitor—



who to the fealty of a kinsman, would add the honourable love of a husband, and by restoring you to the bosom of your family, shield it from the new ignominy which your misguided youth would bring upon it.—Thou canst not refuse a boon so dearly hazarded, my fair cousin!”

“And it is for *honourable* dalliance, then, that I am torn from my home, to be at the courtesy of my brave kinsman and his gallant followers!” rejoined the Lady Mary, in a taunting accent.

“In *my* hands you are, and will I trust continue to be, till you learn how importantly your interest and happiness are linked with mine. Hereafter, methinketh, you will thank me for this proof of my affections.”

“Heaven repay thee for it, O’Gorman! In despite of *my* affections—ignorant of my purposes, and regardless of my life, you have dragged me from the bedside of my frail mother—borne me through the damp air over those hills, to these cold comfortless ruins, to be watched by some hireling desperadoes—and all this, by *command* of my brother, and for the *sake* of the church, that so by threats or by force I may be made the——”

“The sacred wedded wife of one who but exists to love and cherish thee——”

“Hold! O’Gorman,” interrupted the Lady Mary in her turn, “utter no rash asseveration of degrading passion—I see thy motive too clearly—thou wouldst then make me thy bride, kinsman?”

“At the blessed altar, my love.”

“And should my poor judgment not impel me to an affiance so honourable, what then, my good cousin?”

O’Gorman was unprepared for this *argumentum ad hominem*—his eyes turned upon the floor—he paused, and at last replied, evidently confused—“Then I must fulfil my first intentions.”

“Ay, thy first, foul, base, and villanous intentions,” said the Lady unable to suppress her feelings longer; “but thou mistakest my character, O’Gorman—thou thinkest by loud bravado, and by vile slander of my brother, my parent, and the church itself,—by persuasion mingled with force, and by rude force alone, if requisite, to bend me to thy deceitful purposes; but thou deceivest thyself—thou hast no power over me—yes, traitor, thou mayst stare round the frescoed mouldings of this prison-house, but I tell thee—come hither, woman,” continued she, addressing the female, “come hither, and be witness to my vows—

here, in this castle, on this spot, shall I perish by my own hands, ere it shall be said that Felix O'Gorman gained his object—nay, sooner than consent to be the wife of one whom I now hate and despise—rather than become the wretched pander to his infamous designs, shall I swallow these burning embers, or dash my brains out upon that marble hearth.—God of my fathers!” exclaimed the distracted Lady, dropping on her knees, “deliver me from this fiend and his unhallowed intentions, or vouchsafe to send a flash of thy lightning to scorch me to ashes!”

As she uttered these words in a wild and heart-rending shriek, she fell senseless in the arms of the attendant, and her kinsman left the apartment.

But Felix O'Gorman and his confederates were not persons whose nerves were to be shaken by the tears and protestations of a lone maiden. The object for which this enterprise was planned, and so far enforced, was of too much importance to more individuals than one or two, to be defeated by threats and screams—by attestations of silly love, or execration more silly still. They therefore, in council assembled, unanimously concurred in the proposition that time all-precious ought to be seized by the forelock, and their fair prize, in spite of all

cries and remonstrances to the contrary, borne to the purposed destination, namely, an obscure cluster of mud cabins, called Dun-Enistone, on the banks of the Shannon, and a few miles below the town of Limerick, a journey which they conceived they could easily accomplish through the night.

It was with much difficulty that the attendant could persuade the Lady Mary to partake of any kind of sustenance. She walked up and down the little apartment like one delirious, looking from the loop-hole lattice that lighted the room, as if measuring its height from the ground, and trying by what exertion of physical and muscular force the stanchion that divided it could be wrested from its socket. Vain, futile imaginings, poor damsel! the prison was too secure for thee.

Escape she saw was hopeless; but still she trusted that some relief would be afforded her from without; especially by the soldiers stationed in the vicinity of Baldunaven castle. This she relied on more sanguinely from the knowledge she possessed of their rapidity in scouring the country, and the diligent search that would be commenced as soon as the outrage was known.

The evening however came, but no rescue.



As soon as the darkness fell, the party were similarly mounted as on the previous night. Resistance on the part of the Lady Mary was fruitless; she was carried once more to the arms of O'Gorman, and borne off at full speed. Even the old female who had attended her was placed (voluntarily as she thought) behind another of the horsemen, who followed the same route.

Sometime before break of day the party again reached the banks of the Shannon; and after halting till a signal was made to a small brigantine that rode at anchor in the river, a boat came ashore and conveyed O'Gorman and his charge aboard. It was in vain that she implored him to consider the effects of the outrage on her mother's health, and it was equally unavailing that she appealed to the boatmen. They either did not understand the nature of her invocations, or were ignorant of her language, for they were immoveably silent. She was conveyed to the cabin, and left to the cogitations of her own afflicted mind, and the consolations of the same female who attended her at Boybally.

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## CHAPTER VII.

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He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,  
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;  
Though coloured as it were within a tanyard,  
He was a person both of sense and vigour—  
A better seaman never yet did man yard.

*Beppo.*

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SIR Ludowic Kennedy having collected all the information which his late father's agents at Cork could furnish him with, his next consideration was to procure the readiest mode of conveyance to Scotland.

On this, as on all expeditions, whether of danger or of dalliance, our hero was escorted by his body guards, the two trusty English dragoons, privates of his own company, whom we have before had the honour of introducing to the reader. These men had become attached to the person and interests of Sir Ludowic, as well from the length of time they had served him, as from the kind treatment, good living, and the jolly rambling easy life which they

enjoyed. They did not, we confess, incorporate themselves with the fortunes of their master as a serf of Munster in Ireland, or a Scottish Highlander would have done—that is to say, they would not have followed with the same fidelity his *bad* as they did his *good* fortune; for having been born and nurtured amid the good living of Yorkshire, we do them no injustice when we suspect that the spirit of mutiny would have raged within them on the slightest hint of a diminution of their rations. Their Saxon blood had no adulteration of the Platonic in it, and it would have gone hard with their allegiance to the Captain, on any emergency, had it not been kept in a state of regular and incessant exhilaration by the medicinals of the larder and the wine-cellar. Nevertheless Hobbes Jenkinson and Jack Blundle were two serviceable men, brave as lions, and as religiously steady and temperate as good troopers generally were in the days of the merry King Charles.

From the enquiries of his servants, the officer learnt that a vessel bound for the Clyde had been driven into the well-known harbour of the Cove, by unfavourable winds, and only waited a change to proceed on her voyage. This was a ship of about three hundred tons burden,

called the “ Royal Charlie ” belonging to the Messrs. Smaplait, Rappee, and Co., of Glasgow, Virginia merchants, which was homeward-bound from that then rising colony of North America with a valuable cargo of tobacco. The ship although so named, was better known in the out-ports and elsewhere, by the quizzical appellation of the “ Covenanter’s Widow ; ” for having been built at the time when the Solemn League had been ratified by the successes of Argyle, the Messieurs Smaplait, Rappee, and Co. having the fear of the kirk and the godly before their eyes, and as a mark of respect for the patriotic services of that nobleman, and the exemplary virtues, zeal, and piety, of his Marchioness, christened their new ship by her Ladyship’s maiden name the “ Margaret Douglas.” But as things had evolved in so unexpected a way, particularly since a certain exchange of heads had taken place upon the spikes of the tolbooth of Edinburgh, the wary merchants began to fear that the Margaret Douglas might prove rather an unpropitious cognomen, and they, like good, upright, *douce*, provident, and loyal citizens, resolved that an action of reduction should be instituted in one of the supreme dockyards of the port of Greenock to set aside the title. Accordingly the vessel



was drawn up upon the beach, at a spring-tide, to undergo certain necessary repairs, and in the interim the original christening was declared null and void—a painter with his brush expunged the Margaret Douglas, and soon after the Royal Charlie reigned in her stead.

This decree of the dockyard, however, did not please the good people of the west, and they still harped upon the legality of the former title. The shipwrights and carpenters were upon the brink of striking work, so much did they conceive the laws and usages of the port and trade to be invaded by this conduct on the part of the owners; and it is even said that a very serious mutiny was on the eve of bursting forth among the crews belonging to the coal-gauberts, one-masted lighters, punts, wherries, ferry-boats, and salmon cobbles on the Clyde, had not a certain popular schipper, a man of a conciliatory disposition in his day, proposed to decide the matters in dispute, and recognise the said ship in all time coming by the nickname (for no better was it) of the Covenanter's Widow. This proposition having met the approbation of the enraged sailors and artificers aforesaid, their wrath was appeased, and the nickname passed into a law, under the constitutional sanction of the *vox populi*.

The commander of the Royal Charlie was Dugald Mactaggart, a fiery-nosed, fiery-tempered Highlander, a native of Glenswittle, we believe, in the island of Arran. He was the son of a fisherman's wife, who as soon as he could run, which, according to certain standard historians, was at a very early age, ran away from his dam and the island, and entered as scullion's apprentice on board a brig that traded to the Honduras from the port of Greenock. He grew tall, lusty, and learned in the mahogany trade; inasmuch as when he reached the climax of twenty-one years, and had crossed the Atlantic twelve times, and seen no less than seven shipwrecks, and perils by sea innumerable, he stood exactly five feet two inches and a half in his ordinary shoes. As to his corpulency, he was mathematically balanced in this respect—being, to a hair's breadth, only one inch and a quarter more round the abdomen than he measured in height. For his learning he had exchanged part of his native Gaelic for more refined Scotch, and had, unlike many fair-weather mariners and commanders, learnt to box the compass, not at the academy or the parlour fireside, but in breezes, squalls, storms, and tornadoes from every point of the heavens.

Captain Mactaggart had been in the employment of the Messieurs Smaplait, Rappee, and Co., for several years, and had hoisted his flag on board the Margaret Douglas on the very day she was launched. In short, he was at the head of his profession at the time we allude to; and from his having weathered many stiff gales, and been in innumerable engagements, hard runs, narrow escapes, and unutterable dangers from cannon-bullets, and cutlasses, of which his scars and fractures bore faithful witness, he was justly deemed the De Witt, the Prince Rupert, the De Ruyter of the Clyde. As a navigator of the high seas he had acquired some celebrity and a good deal of money, and had actually contracted with the "Duke Hamilton," then hereditary chief and sole proprietor of his native island, for a purchase of some fifty or sixty acres of its best soil, (none of it, we must confess, so fertile as the plains of Kent or Sussex) whereon he intended to erect himself a house worthy of the family of the Mactaggarts, and enjoy the evening of his days within the "lashing lays" of the billows, and within view of the barren mountain where he was born, at the base of which he intended shortly to lay his bones

As Captain Dugald Mactaggart's love of independence, vulgarly and Jewishly called money, was only exceeded by his pride and veneration for his family name, and the unspotted fame of his ancestors, Hobbes Jenkinson, who acted as ship-broker on the occasion, had little difficulty in prevailing on him to give his master and servants a passage to Scotland, provided they could agree about the price to be paid. On being requested to name his own terms, he hemmed and coughed, obviously a good deal puzzled as to how he should apportion his charge to the quality of the passenger, which, with a gentleman of Mactaggart's extraction, was matter of the very first consequence, and in a great measure regulated all his rates of passage.

"He may be a papisher," said Dugald to himself, as he pondered upon the difficulty, rubbing his beard, and taking a fresh quid of Virginia *short-cut*—"He may be a papisher, an' I'll be tamned before him's come aboard the Royal Charlie at all; or he may be a Sassenagh trouper, an' egad he maun draw a long purse. What is the gentleman, your master's name?" enquired he, addressing Hobbes.



“ Sir Ludowic Kennedy, of ”——

“ Ech !” exclaimed the navigator, somewhat startled, “ Sir Ludowic Kennedy, say you ?”

“ An’t please ye,” continued the dragoon—  
“ baronet of Mount Kennedy, in Scotland.”

“ Oich ! Sir Ludowic Kennedy ! a good gentleman as any in the Lowlands. Cod’s bless, I know’t his father ! Tell him the whole cabin’s at his service—and d’ye hear, give Captain Mactaggart’s service to Sir Ludowic, and say he will be glad to seet him aboard the Royal Charlie whan it suits his honour’s convenience.”

After such an announcement on the part of so redoubtable a personage as Captain Dugald Mactaggart, it was to be expected that our hero would be received by his countryman according to the rules of naval etiquette and Highland hospitality in such cases. And it was so. He embarked next day, and found the accommodations beyond his expectations. In the middle of the night, and at the change of the moon, as Dugald predicted, the wind that had blown fresh from the northward several days, calmed and gradually chopped, to use the technical phrase, round to the southward, so that early in the morning the ship put to sea with a favourable breeze.

The weather, however, wore any thing but a settled aspect. The breeze was alike irregular and changeable, and a dark dense haze was observable over the lee-bow towards the eastward. At mid-day the Royal Charlie began to feel the wind too much inshore; and our commander calculated that before the well-known Tuskar, a low dangerous rock off the coast of Wexford, on which many a valuable bark had been dashed to pieces, and then unmarked by any beacon, could be doubled, it would be necessary to gain a farther offing. In attempting to accomplish this, however, the breeze freshened; the ship consequently lost more way, and two hours before sunset it blew a hard gale from the eastward, as was foreboded by the gathering vapour in the morning.

Mactaggart, on taking his bearings—the value of his cargo—the costly adventure of his own on board—and last, not least, the violence of the gale, into consideration, was of opinion that a safe harbour was a desideratum, and he accordingly issued his instructions to put about ship, square the yards, and scud to the Cove of Cork once more. About went the “Covenanter’s Widow,” setting her long arms akimbo to the blast, and bidding it rage and rattle, with a look of scorn, trusting to her Scottish oak,

and pointing to the Cove as her sure shelter. Her commander, however, though he did not fear, was not enamoured of his situation. He knew well that the entrance to the Cove was narrow, intricate, and of difficult approach, in a dark night; and although distinguishable at the distance of a mile or so by a floating beacon, yet had his vessel been in good trim, and able to have borne the requisite canvass, Dugald would as soon have stood out to sea. But as this was impracticable, the ship kept her course.

The night was extremely dark; the rocky coast of Cork and Waterford was on their lee; and nothing to point out the mouth of the harbour but the floating light aforesaid, upon which, from the tremendous swell and the thickness of the atmosphere, little or no dependance could be placed. Sometime towards the morning, however, a light was seen from the mast-head; and as it corresponded with the ship's reckoning, was conceived to be the harbour beacon. Shortly afterwards a gun was heard, as if a signal of distress. Alarmed by this report, Mactaggart surmised that some vessel was near, and he accordingly kept a good look out from all parts of the ship. By and by a small sail was seen ahead; and when the

Royal Charlie came within hail, he learned, in reply to his enquiries, that she was the "Saucy Sam," of Bristol, in a disabled state, having sprung her bowsprit, unshipped her rudder, and, besides, being totally unmanageable, had five feet water in her hold. Mactaggart would willingly have sent a boat to their assistance; but the sea ran so high as to render it impracticable, and all he could do was to steer close under her bow, and by throwing her a line, endeavour to tow her into the harbour.

A hawser was made fast, not, however, without some risk, and the Royal Charlie proceeded with her convoy towards the glimmering light ahead. Those acquainted with the entrance of the Cove of Cork know that, like most harbours, it is encumbered with a bar, which stretches from side to side, upon which the sea breaks with tremendous force. It was outside of this bar where the beacon-hulk was stationed. She had been a government transport, which having been stranded upon that coast, had been purchased by the Corporation of Cork, repaired, strongly sheathed, and otherwise fitted for the hazardous duty in which she was now employed. Moored by several cables of extraordinary strength, and manned by eight men, she had weathered the storms of three



winters, and had not only been of essential service in pointing out the entrance of the harbour, but in rendering aid to such disabled vessels as came within her reach. The crew were paid and maintained by government, and had on various occasions been rewarded for the able exertions they had made to save lives and property. In the summer weather their labours were light; for in the day-time the men were allowed to go ashore, and the vessel was besides visited by their friends, and by the numerous fishing-boats and pleasure-parties whom a smooth sea and a light breeze tempted across the bar. But in winter they were shut out from all such comforts and recreations. The wild sea-gull was their only visiter; and the blast and the long sweeping billow—the dull day and the dark dreary night, went and came for weeks, without the crew of the light-ship seeing a human being.

As Mactaggart neared the beacon he found the way of his vessel considerably impeded by the one he had in tow; and as the tide had turned, and was now running against him, he apprehended some danger in crossing the breakers of the bar so fettered. The gale, it is true, had not decreased; but as the land closed to windward, its force was lessened, and

consequently he thought that to attempt to tug the Saucy Sam over the bar, and fail in the attempt, which was probable, so as to be obliged to heave her off to save himself, would be sure to send her adrift among the rocks, where to a certainty she would go to pieces, and perhaps every soul perish.

He once more hailed the convoy, and intimated that he would leave her in charge of the light-hulk, and desired his hawser to be let go for that purpose.

At this juncture the leak of the disabled vessel had increased so much, that her crew dreaded every moment would be their last, and were in consequence exerting all the hands they could spare from the pumps to launch the long-boat. The wind still blew with violence, and the rising rays of the moon shed a pale twilight over the dismal expanse. The men aboard the beacon had also heard the signal gun, and, as the vessels approached, were prepared with their life-boat to render all the assistance in their power. But when within a cable's length of the light, a dreadful shriek was heard—the hawser snapped asunder—and in the next moment, amid faint screams, deafened by the surge dashing upon the bar, the convoy disappeared. But it was observable

that the beacon's boat had picked up some of the crew or passengers, while another boat, obviously that of the lost vessel, contained others whom the waves also had spared. It was further discernible, that both boats reached the hulk in safety.

Next morning the storm had abated ; and as soon as daylight dawned a boat was seen leaving the beacon and steering for the harbour, well manned, and containing five or six persons, two of whom were females, the surviving passengers, as was conceived, of the Bristol vessel. The boat was pulled towards the landing place at Cove Town, then composed only of about half a dozen houses ; but instead of passing close by the Royal Charlie, as was their course, the boatmen seemed to avoid the ship as much as possible ; but still they came sufficiently near to enable Sir Ludowic to recognise, in the person of the elder female, who supported her companion, apparently overcome with fatigue, the diminutive form and features of Bridget of the Cliff.

Good God ! what a hideous array of ideas rushed consecutively on the mind of Kennedy ! Fear, hope, love, and despair, each depicted something terrific ; and the agonizing reflection that the drooping female he saw might be —

“No, heavens, it cannot!” he exclaimed; “and yet, what can that accursed beldame be doing hither?”

Our hero lost no time in going ashore to unravel the mystery of Bridget Halloren’s presence. He was accompanied by Mactaggart and his two trusty dragoons, and a party of the ship’s crew. On reaching the landing place they were informed by the seamen of the light-hulk that they had landed five passengers, who had betaken them to one of the cabins for refreshment. Refreshments, indeed, further than fresh water and usquebaugh, the place did not afford; the first the limestone-spring yielded, and the latter the good natives made according to the demand.

It was, therefore, no intrusion on the part of Sir Ludowic and his attendants to proceed to the hut, and offer the shipwrecked persons a portion of the more genial provisions they had brought with them. But as they were about to enter it, they were informed by an elderly person, that as one of the females was indisposed, and the rest of the company fatigued, he could not admit them.

“We wish to render such assistance as our better fortune can afford,” said the officer.

“I give you my thanks,” replied the stranger,



as he guarded the door, “and will make your good intentions known to my companions, as soon as they awake.”

“Of whence are your companions,” enquired Sir Ludowic, “for methinks one of them is no stranger to me?——”

At this instant a loud shriek proceeded from the cabin, accompanied by a smothered cry of “Help,” uttered seemingly by a female voice.

“What is this?” asked the officer; “By Heaven, Sir, there is foul play going on here, and I shall be satisfied!” and he attempted to force his passage.

But the sentinel placing a pistol at his breast, cautioned him to retract his purpose. He expostulated with the man—told him he bore his Majesty’s commission, and had a right to enter any house where his duty urged him—that he also was armed, and had a party sufficiently strong to *force* an entrance, should that be refused to his peaceful and even friendly intentions. The other, however, stood on the defensive with his pistol cocked; but as another scream proceeded from the interior of the cabin, our hero lost the natural coolness of his temper, drew his sword, and pushing the pistol aside, rushed into the hut, followed by his two dragoons, while Captain Dugald Mac-

taggart, acting as rear guard, disarmed the sentry, and pinioned him to the earth at the point of his Highland dirk.

Felix O’Gorman drew his weapon upon the intruder, but he met with an opponent whom he did not expect, and Mark Brennan, before he had time to use his fire-arms, was overpowered by Jenkinson and his comrade. This accomplished, and the cavalier of Connaught lying wounded in a corner, Kennedy turned towards the females; and his emotions may be conceived, when he beheld in the pale, wasted, but still lovely features of the younger, the countenance of the Lady Mary. Bridget of the Cliff supported her head upon her lap, sitting upon a ragged coverlid, spread upon the damp earthen floor of the cabin, before a few sticks and turf recently kindled, while at her hand were placed some cordials, with which she was in the act of rubbing her patient’s temples.

“Woman!” frantically vociferated the officer, addressing the dwarf, “by whom, and for what purpose, is this Lady brought here?”

“Question O’Gorman, of Rathmines, there—he knows his own purpose best,” answered Bridget.

At this moment, but whether owing to the

sound of a voice, familiar to happier moments, or merely to the return of suspended animation, we will not take upon ourselves to say; being as we are but indifferent judges in these matters, but true it was, the Lady Mary started at the words, and beheld her lover leaning over her, and holding her by the hand. "Kennedy!" she ejaculated, with the indistinct articulation of one in a dream, and relapsed into her former insensibility.

In the interim, O'Gorman and his two auxiliaries were removed, and a guard set over them to prevent their escape.

We need not dwell on the mutual expressions of gratitude on the one part, and happiness on the other, which were interchanged by our lovers, as the Lady Mary recovered from her exhaustion, and found herself in such company. The tear of pure affection stole down her cheek as she thanked her deliverer; for the full heart, sensible of its thralldom, but, at the same time, restrained by maternal authority, felt how inadequate were words to express the amount of the obligation.

Her story was soon told, as to what had happened since their parting, as we have narrated it. It appeared that the brigantine, the "Saucy Sam," on board of which she had

been placed, when lying in the Shannon, was a regular trader between the ports of Limeric and Bristol. She had been chartered by one of O'Gorman's friends for the enterprise, and to delude the master and his crew, and prevent their interference, they were informed that the Lady, whom they wished to convey and accompany to England, was the eloped daughter of a London merchant, and that they acted under the instructions of her father.

As soon as the party were on board, the brigantine weighed anchor, and sailed from the Shannon. They enjoyed fair weather till they were off the Old Head of Kinsale, when the same gale overtook them which had forced the Royal Charlie into Cork. The Saucy Sam intended to seek shelter there also; but being farther to the southward and westward, when the storm commenced, she had been exposed to its whole fury, and had been for three days so mercilessly tossed about in the mouth of the channel, that it was almost miraculous she had not foundered before Mactaggart fell in with her.

It appeared, further, that Bridget Halloren, although a passive auxiliary of O'Gorman's, on this occasion, had embarked in the enterprise for far different reasons than his benefit.



Two or three days before the outrage was accomplished, she had been informed, by Brennan, of the intentions of O'Gorman, and had tendered her assistance, that so she might be able to *defeat* them. She had not, however, been informed of Sir Ludowic's proposed journey to Scotland, and so far, therefore, as her reliance had been placed on his exertions in the rescue, her scheme had failed. When she departed for Boybally, for the purpose of putting that donjon prison-house in a fit state of reception for the fair captive, she left a faithful messenger to apprise Kennedy of the rendezvous, as soon as the deed should be committed. All this was planned, and her scout lurking in the environs of Baldunaven to learn the earliest intelligence. But the officer's absence frustrated her object—the dragoons did not arrive in time, and, consequently, the party reached the brigantine unmolested. But Bridget was nowise daunted by this miscarriage; she still determined on following the fortunes of the Lady Mary, and availing herself of the first opportunity to facilitate her escape.

This explanation of grievances helped to restore the Lady Mary, and it was deemed proper to remove the parties to Cork, and deliver up O'Gorman to the civil magistrate. Mac-

taggart's crew were instantly at his service with their boat, in which they were rowed to the city. But on our hero's arrival thither, he found the current of official information running against him. The fountain-head had been poisoned, and each rill was tainted with rumours prejudicial to his reputation. The reader may guess with what astonishment he was informed by the Messieurs Quilneb and Widelines, his solicitors, to whom he had applied, as the best qualified persons to instruct him how to proceed in the detention of O'Gorman, that a warrant for the apprehension of Sir Ludowic Kennedy and others, had that morning been received in town, from Dublin Castle, and that the officers had only been prevented from searching in all quarters of the city for him, by the said Quilneb and Widelines, assuring the Mayor, and the Commandant of the garrison, that he had sailed from the kingdom two days before!

"Warrant! Apprehension! for what?" enquired Kennedy.

"For having, contrary to the peace of our Lord the King, most wickedly and feloniously eloped with the Lady now in your custody!"

It appeared that the cavalier of Connaught had not undertaken this *coshering* or foray

upon his fair cousin, without fencing his way as safely as possible, and leaving a good corps de reserve to cover his retreat. Of this last body of auxiliaries his elder brother, of Rathmines, and a lay-priest of the name of Bigney, were the leaders. Bigney was occasionally a visitant at the Priory of St. Thomas; and as he was in the secret, and under the control of Rathmines, he had little difficulty in convincing the reverend cordeliers of that fraternity, that the Lady Mary had been carried off by the Scotch Baronet for heretical purposes. Felix, having learnt the departure of his rival, availed himself of the favourable juncture, not only to commit the outrage upon the Lady, but induced his brother and Bigney to circulate the rumour, that Sir Ludowic was the perpetrator of the violence. As soon, therefore, as the deed was known, the chapel bell chimed to conclave, and the good monks were alarmed into a belief of the false representations of Bigney; and they, as a natural result communicated their sentiments to the Lady Dowager.

These infamous charges against the honour of the officer were indeed specious and credible. The story was sprinkled with truth, so far as related to his journey to Dublin, and thence to

Cork; and what tended not a little to corroborate these suspicions was the fact that one of the horses belonging to the gang was a grey, the colour of the one usually rode by Kennedy. The Lady Dowager uttered not a word when these distressing tidings were communicated to her. Her grief was beyond all human language and sorrow. She deemed her child already an apostate from the apostolical faith—the outcast of Heaven, and the helpless and pitiless victim of seduction. She laid her head upon her pillow, and besought God never to raise it till the feeble spark of life that yet remained to animate her was for ever extinguished.

Father O'Leary alone was the only individual that had access to the castle who refused his credit to the tale. The old man wiped his eyes, and in the hearing of his brethren of St. Thomas, declared he would never assent to an imputation so injurious to the honour of the young Protestant officer till he found it authenticated by better evidence. But the good Father's influence, however, did not prevent the dissemination of the report; and next day it was current far and wide, in castle and in cabin, that Sir Ludowic Kennedy had carried off the young Lady Mary Macdonnell. The whilliloo rang from hill to hill, from chief-



tain to kerne; and the whole kingdom of Connaught shook as if with an earthquake. Rathmines procured a warrant from the Secretary of State, to arrest Sir Ludowic wherever he might be found; and orders were issued to all the out-ports—to all commandants of his Majesty's forces—to magistrates and others, to aid in his apprehension.

Under such circumstances our hero had but one course to pursue—to deliver himself up to the Commandant of the garrison—lay the whole facts before him and submit to his directions. This was done without delay, and next day, after a patient examination of witnesses, of whom the Lady Mary herself and the Dwarf were the principal, the officer was dismissed upon his parole, that he would be ready to appear when called upon; and Felix O'Gorman, for whom bail was refused, was transmitted under an escort to Dublin Castle. There he was bailed to answer the prosecution, and Brennan and the other were bound over as accessaries.

As for the Lady Mary she was safely conducted across the country to Baldunaven, but not before she had seen her lover take his second departure for Scotland. But of all the parties in this affray none felt more chagrin

and disappointment, next to O'Gorman himself, than Captain Dugald Mactaggart,—not at the delay of the Royal Charlie—not at any consequences, pecuniary, or otherwise contumacious to the temperament of an Arran Highlander, “But just!” as he himself whispered to Sir Ludovic, as they were leaving the quay of Cork, “because he had na seen the papisher tucked up at the yard’s arm for such a ravage on the bonny young leddie.”

But however fraught with joy this deliverance from the designs of her kinsman was to the Lady Mary, her days of affliction were not ended. She arrived at the castle only in time to see the last moments of her parent. This new calamity had been too much for a frame so exhausted, and nature yielded to the conflict. She had a few hours before, been informed by Father O’Leary, of the conduct of O’Gorman; and although it was visible that she heard the tidings with satisfaction, from the lambent smile of content that passed over her countenance, yet she was unable to communicate her feelings in language, or express such injunctions as she had formerly purposed, and which generally emanate from the parental death-bed.

When the Lady Mary was led into the

gloomy apartment, the change that had taken place, met her eye at every step. The daylight was completely excluded. Four lighted wax candles were placed upon a small table close by the bed-side, at which a holy minister of religion, in a kneeling posture, supported the sacred crucifix of his order. Behind him were two others, also in the act of devotion; and nearer the fireplace, three of the sisterhood of St. Margory's convent, offered their fervent but silent ejaculations to heaven. The old nurse and another female domestic, sat by the entrance of the chamber counting their pathereens and bathed in tears; and over the whole mansion a still silence prevailed, awfully appropriate to the wavering, breathless crisis, that intervenes between time and eternity.

The dying Lady was sensible of the presence of her guiltless daughter. As the latter wept over her, affection for a moment seemed to surmount nature's obstruction, and she held out her hand, threw it over the neck of her beloved child, and as a gleam of maternal love played around her features, she opened her eyes—gazed upon her for a brief moment—and then closed them for ever.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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But how camest thou to be here committed  
Unto this Inn?

Upon suspicion of drink, sir;  
I was taken late one night here with the tapster,  
And the under officers, and so deposited.

*Old Ben.*

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THE Royal Charlie was at last favoured with a breeze that carried her gallantly over the billows of St. George's Channel to the port of Greenock in four days. It was Sir Ludowic's intention to have landed at Port Patrick but as the ship passed that famous strait during the night, he deemed it the safer plan to proceed to the ship's destination. Next day he reached Glasgow.

The day of his arrival thither was that on which Multiple Duplies had ordered the warrant for the sale and destruction of the fine old woods of Culzean to be enforced, and for which enterprise two creditable timber-merchants of the Bromielaw, Maister Clipsclait the auc-



tioneer of the Trongate, two sawyers, and four fellers and peelers, headed by Wattie Moderwill, had arrived at the sign of the "Mutchkin Stoup," a sort of second rate hostelry, and house of entertainment, kept by Jenny Heeslop, at the Brig-end of Aire.

But preparations had been made to defeat their intentions. When daylight broke on the morning after their arrival, twelve sturdy coopers were seen to move at a hasty pace towards the village of Maybole; and about an hour afterwards they were followed by a heavy two-wheeled machine loaded with the timber-merchants, Clipsclait, and the artificers, and their implements. It was remarked, however, that the vehicle aforesaid was not graced by the presence of the Confidential. How this happened requires to be told.

Deacon Cordivan, the early riser, the astronomer of the morning mist, the alarum-bell of shipwrecks, and the seer of visions, was as companionable a gossip, in a good cause, as any cordiner in Aire; and on this occasion, when a member of the kirk was exposed to the hazard of Popish and Jesuitical contrivances, he did not hesitate in acting the part of a *bon vivant* scout to his brother Mucklegirr. On the pre-

ceding evening he honoured with an *un-accidental* visit the alehouse of Jenny Heeslop; and as no one made a more melodious chorus to aloud laugh than the Deacon, or could brighten the amber ale with a merrier joke, he soon initiated himself into the social graces of Maister Moderwill, the timber-dealers, and the sawyers; so that before the expiration of the fourth choppin of mine hostess's home-brewed, Cordivan was as conversant with the intentions of the party as the Confidential himself. He drank success to the saws and hammers, with as much glee, as if he had had an interest *pro indiviso*, in every tree on the Culzean estate, and said so many agreeable things of the wit and legal talents of Wattie, that in good sooth, Kirsty Culbert's cock had crowed more than once, before the deacon or his legal friend ever thought of bed, or the journey in the morning.

So far Cordivan gained his purpose; for he not only was able to communicate to Muckle-girr, (who had received certain private instructions from a third person, of whom Cordivan knew nothing,) the motions of the party; but he had left the head clerk in a state of utter unfitness for the expedition. Indeed when Wattie's predilections are considered, perhaps

the courteous reader will think that the knight of the morning, had encountered very little difficulty in his task.

But, whether or no, when the morning came, and with it the hour of starting, Wattie Morderwill was not exactly in a marching trim; but as he promised to follow on horseback, the party proceeded without him.

The twelve coopers, who had received instructions to resist the hewers and fellers at all hazards, posted themselves among the trees of the avenue leading to Culzean-house, forming as it were a sort of masked battery at the spot where the assault was expected to be made. In the course of the day, and after Clipsclait and his artisans had expended all their patience in waiting for their legal adviser, they proceeded to the woods, resolved to be guided by their own discretion as to what they should do. When they reached the place where the coopers were stationed, they were asked their business on the premises, to which they replied, through their mouth-piece Clipsclait, a man of singular eloquence in his profession, that they acted under a decree of the Court of Session.

“Produce your authority,” said one of the besieged.

“The warrant will be here instanter,” answered Clipsclait.

“Indeed!” responded the other, and he thought therefore there was no time to lose in opening his battery. He made a signal to his companions, and desired them to do their duty.

Accordingly the coopers darted upon the assailants and bound them hand and foot, in spite of all resistance, tossed them headlong into their own vehicle, and drove off towards the village of Maybole. But they had not got beyond the boundaries of the estate, when Wattie Moderwill was seen coming to the assistance of his companions, at the full speed of his galloway. “The day’s our own yet,” mumbled the manacled orator of the Roup-roll; and so peradventure it would have been, had not Deacon Cordivan’s sallies on the preceding evening, had the effect of beclouding the intellectuals, and consequently deranging the schemes, of the representative of Multiple Duplies. On being challenged to produce the warrant, the dumbfoozled clerk ransacked the different magazines and record-offices of his apparel, the vacuum of his hat, and the interior of his jack-boots; but alas! no warrant



was there; and at last with a disconsolate face, and to the unutterable grief of his associates, he was necessitated to confess that he had left it in the hostelry of Jenny Heeslop.

This *lapsus* however did not avail him, for the coopers in the teeth of all his complaints, protests, and threats of action for false imprisonment, marched him off with the others. On arriving at the village, application was made for their examination before the Bailie, as reivers, spulziers, or at least Egyptians and trespassers upon private property; but as the Fates would have it, that worthy magistrate was no where to be found, and consequently the whole party—the timber-merchants of the Broomielaw, Clipsclait of the Trongate, the sawyers, fellers, and peelers, with the bedizzened Confidential among the rest, were promptly and securely deposited or rather tumbled into the blackhole of Maybole.

The blackhole, or, as it was oftener called, the Doocot of Maybole, was a strong-room, in an old and somewhat dilapidated tower, which had in earlier times been one of the residences of the barons of Maybole. The part allotted for the uses of delinquents, was neither more nor less, than a stone vault, on the ground floor of the tower, with a strong iron-clenched

door in one end, which was surmounted by a cat-hole grating, that served alike for the purposes of light and ventilation. It is true that the Doocot was occasionally appropriated to other purposes than that of a tolbooth for the sorner, the drunken gipsy, the village idiot at the change of the moon, the swearing blue-gown, and the contumacious birdnester on the sabbath; for when no biped offenders against the public peace were within its walls, it was sometimes made a durance for reiving and unruly cattle; stray stirks, and stots; runaway and dike-louping cowts; pet ewes that might break their tethers for the sake of fun in the village or richer clover in the next field; and colley dogs found barking in the churchyard during divine worship. The Doocot was consequently not the most cleanly or delectable abode in the village; and the disgrace of being sent to it, was the dread of all the *ne'er-do-weel* and erratic part of the community for many miles round.

How his worship the Bailie should have been under a cloud, at the exact moment when his official services were most required, we do not take upon us to unravel; nor do we believe the town scandal that it was merely to give the coopers the triumph over their Glasgow adver-

saries ; although it cannot be denied that for many years after, a burgher of Maybole, or a cooper of Aire being seen in the saltmarket of St. Mungo, would have exposed the person of the said burgher or cooper to some scaith from the shinty-players of that notable street ; but, nevertheless, it is true that when this gentleman arrived, and had legally cognosced the prisoners, and found that the act of alleged delinquency amounted only to a trespass on the lands of Culzean, he out of consideration of their one night's confinement in the Doocot, dismissed the offenders, *simpliciter*, from the bar.

Liberated from this abode of disgrace, the Confidential and his associates vowed the direst penalties of the law upon their accusers. Wat-tie indeed admitted that some blame was attachable to him, for his omission of the legal instrument upon which they should have acted ; but he mounted his nag, which, by the way, had fared much better during the night than its master, and promised to return with the warrant in time to renew the campaign with the dawn of the next morning. But when he arrived at the " Mutchkin Stoup," and had rumaged his bed-room, and made the requisite enquiries of mine hostess after the document, to his amazement, it was not to be found, and

no one had seen it. Cordivan's assistance was called in, but the honest deacon was *ignoramus* on the subject, further than that he remembered having seen Maister Moderwill, at one period or other of the night kindle his pipe with a slip of paper, taken from his coat-pocket, but of what description he the Deacon could not take upon him to say. Confusion seized upon the head clerk, and in his wrath he did not hesitate to aver, in unequivocal terms, that he had been robbed, and that the house of Jenny Heeslop was not of so creditable a sort as he had believed it to be. The Deacon, at hearing this vile insinuation against his honour, threatened Wattie with a lodgment in the Aire tolbooth, which, he said, he would find was of more difficult egress than the Doo-cot of Maybole, and added, that he suspected the Confidential of being little better than an imposter, and that his warrant which he made such a *fuss* about, was a mere *sham*, contrived to impose upon the honest people of the west country. As for the landlady, the scandal which Wattie had dared to utter against the "Mutchkin Stoup" was in her opinion absolutely unpardonable; so that after expending her magazine of epithets upon the unhappy clerk, which she did in a key nearly as loud as



the “bars o’ Aire,” she commanded him to leave her hostelry immediately, which she said was not a *howff* for “Glasgow cut-purses and arrant cheats.”

So conditioned, the representative of Multiple Duplies had no alternative but to post back to the Briggate of Glasgow, and lay his case at the feet of his master. Whatever doubts Walter entertained as to a *bonâ fide* felony having taken place, still he stood too high in his own estimation to permit it to be thought, that he had lost or destroyed the warrant in a drunken wassail. He accordingly represented to the writer that the document had been purloined from his vallis during the night, and that persons had been hired by Culzean to resist its execution, and concluded by announcing the durance in Maybole Doocot.

“Ane unlawfu’ combination!” ejaculated the attorney. “Gae draw up ane affidavit Wattie,” continued he, “that ye were molested in the lawful execution o’ the warrant o’ the Court—I’ll lay their legs fast for this.”

The Confidential obeyed.

At this moment Anthony Lesley entered the sanctorum. Antecedently to this interview, Duplies had instituted an action of reduction and multiplepounding in the Court of Session,

for the purpose of trying the rights of Stirling of Keirmains to the Mailin possessed by the ancestors of Lesley; and an interlocutor had been pronounced by the court finding the original title to Kalekippen, upon which the pursuer rested his claim, to be defective; but *discerned*, that in respect that the abbot of Crossringen, although he had no right to dispose, still, as he had *bonâ fide* received a valuable consideration for the same, the Lords reserved judgment as to the alternative prayer of the petition, whether or no the pursuer was entitled to compensation out of the residue of the lands which had fallen to the King as *ultimus hæres*. The terms of this decision were favourable to Lesley, in so far that in case it should be found that he was entitled to compensation, the burden fell upon Stirling; for although the entire of the forfeited abbacy had been conveyed to him by the Crown, still he was bound by the stipulations of the conveyance to satisfy all onerous creditors.

Duplies saw the hold which his client had upon Stirling, and agreed with him that *now* was the juncture to improve it. They conceived that some favourable terms to Culzean ought to be proposed to his kinsman Stirling, *conditionally* that the lands of Kalekippen

should be restored to Lesley ; but they were at a loss how to approach Stirling with such an offer. The occurrence which had taken place, however—an illegal resistance of the decree of the court, as they conceived—opened a new field for their invention ; and Duplies resolved to make it the pretext for resorting to harsher measures against the Laird of Culzean.

The head clerk's inflated statement of resistance, accompanied with an affidavit, was detailed in a memorial to the court, and a warrant obtained to apprehend and incarcerate the person of Culzean ; and the Confidential, accompanied by a messenger, was again employed to put it in force. All this was done in the absence of Patrick Ramsay from Edinburgh, and of course without his knowledge.

It is unnecessary to say, that of these proceedings Culzean and his daughters were ignorant. Unexperienced in the wiles and tactics of the law, they pined over their gloomy situation, trusting to the exertions and guardianship of young Ramsay ; and it was not till the party had been liberated from the Doocot that they became informed of the proceedings which had led to their imprisonment.

Duplies, when he determined on the arrest and imprisonment of Culzean, anticipated re-

sistance to this warrant also. In those days it was an unusual thing for a gentleman of his rank to be dragged to prison for debt; and the attorney accordingly calculated that the bare attempt of the messenger to apprehend him, would raise such a storm among the tenantry and cottagers, as would lead to the deferment of the officers and the liberation of the prisoner. But this was all he wanted. To commit to a common tolbooth a person so respectable, under such circumstances, and at his advanced age, would, in the eye of the world, have been called an act of cruelty. Duplies, it is true, did not care for the world's opinion, provided he stood well with the corporation of Fleshers and the community of his clients; but still, in this instance, harshness of procedure was not likely to advantage him. An augmentation of costs, he saw, would be more beneficial. A rupture with the local authorities, and a well-coloured petition and complaint to the Lords of Council and Session, setting forth that an assault upon the King's messenger at arms had been deliberately committed by persons hired and paid for the purpose, by which the ends of justice had been defeated and the rights of the subject trampled on, was, in his opinion, a much more commend-



able course to pursue; for thereby public opinion would be excited, the deforcement blazoned far and wide, and the court constrained, by the shaking of the advocate's wig, and the clenching of his fist, and the look of indignation burning on his brow, and the muttering, growling thunder of his speech, to enforce *peremptorily* its own decrees, and punish with exemplary severity the aggressors.

During this interval, Sir Ludowic arrived at Aire, where Patrick Ramsay waited to receive him. After thanking the latter for the interest he had taken in his affairs, he requested to know what further proceedings he intended to adopt, to unravel or defeat the claims of Lamont of Calcroich.

The young advocate replied, that, after a long and tedious search in the record-office of Edinburgh, he had discovered a copy of a deed by which Kenelm Kennedy, his ancestor, had made a contract of Cancelment, as hath already been stated to the reader. He mentioned the discovery of the receipts; and that these being to him positive proofs of the fulfilment of the stipulations of the contract, he had inferred that the transaction, so far as regarded the various entries of payment of interest, was founded in fraud. He mentioned that his sus-

pitions were corroborated by other evidence; and asked Sir Ludowic if he had any knowledge “of an Irish Catholic refugee, now resident at St. Omers, under the name of Father Gerald Macdonnell?”

“The late Lord Macdonnell is known by that title,” answered the baronet.

“And are you aware of any conduct on your part which may have excited the resentment of that individual?”

Kennedy replied, that he never to his knowledge had seen or had any transaction with the late Lord Macdonnell, and otherwise briefly explained his correspondence with the other members of the family.

The import of these interrogatories was to ascertain whether Sir Ludowic could throw light upon a document which Ramsay had procured from Macklegirr, and which seemed to refer, or rather furnish a clue, to the real conduct of Duplies and his employers. It appeared, that two or three mornings after the Heiden Vrouw had been stranded at Dunure Sands, Deacon Cordivan, in one of his peep-of-day rambles, had picked up, within high-water mark, a small red morocco portelettre, fastened to a piece of lead, as if for the purpose of sinking it, and in which, among a variety of

memoranda, was found a paper, containing directions from one person to another, wherein repeated mention was made of "Duplies,"—"Sir Ludowic,"—"the immediate transmission of mortgages,"—the "children,"—some special directions as to the disbursement of money on account of "Venzani and F. G. of St. Omers,"—and the care that would require to be taken "in the arrangement of dates;" and on the back of it was addressed—"For Antony Lesley these."

This document Cordivan had placed in the hands of Mucklegirr, to whom it was altogether inexplicable till the misfortunes of Culzean were in part explained to him by Master Ramsay, to whom he then confided it.

The hints, and allusions, and directions contained in this paper—the probability that it had been thrown overboard by Lesley, who, it was ascertained, had come to Scotland in the stranded vessel—and the simple fact that the bonds were not then in the possession of Duplies, although it was affirmed they had been so for upwards of thirty years, and during the time of his predecessor,—all went to convince Sir Ludowic, as they had done Ramsay, that it was a most fraudulent transaction, invented

apparently, as Peter Birley's memorial set forth, "for popish purposes."

Agreeing in this opinion, it was resolved that Patrick Ramsay should set out for Edinburgh without delay, to have recourse to such measures for the discovery of the concealed authors of the scheme as his learned colleagues there might think best.

They were about to separate, therefore, it being the intention of the young baronet to pass the night at Culzean-house, when the wave of a hand from a carriage in the street attracted the attention of Ramsay. It was the Laird of Culzean himself, attended by his eldest daughter, and in the custody of the messenger, on his way to Aire gaol!

Merciful God! what a flood-tide of distracting thoughts gushed upon the mind of the young advocate as he beheld the old gentleman in such execrable hands, and the object of his love, his own devoted and betrothed Elizabeth, following his fate to the hated charnel-house of the law, and partaking of her parent's affliction! Covered with shame, overwhelmed with sorrow, and burning with indignation at the merciless and audacious villany of Duplies, it was with considerable difficulty that he made



his way to the vehicle, and when at last he prevailed on the party to stop, his agitation would scarcely permit him to articulate—"How hath this happened?"

The Mistress Elizabeth raised her head—wiped the tears from her eyes—and, with a look and a tone of excruciating anguish, replied, "O! Ramsay, you might have spared my father!"

There was something in the accent of her voice so unutterably afflicting, and withal so upbraiding to the feelings and the honour of the young advocate—it was a tone of mingled affection and remonstrance—of love, irony, and reprehension, that deprived him of all power of replication. It rung upon his heart like the law's last charge upon the ear of innocence; and the doom was the more insupportable, because pronounced by one whom he deemed incapable of harbouring a thought injurious to his reputation.

When Sir Ludowic came up, they were informed by Culzean, himself, that early in the morning four men presented themselves, on the pretence of being the bearers of some instructions from Ramsay, one of whom producing the warrant, desired him to prepare for the consequences. He found, he said, entreaty on

the part of himself and family to be vain, and he thought it the wiser course to submit to the law. He likewise stated, that his servants and some of his tenantry would willingly have reconducted him to his house, and deforced the officers, but that he resolutely commanded them to desist.

By a strange anomaly in the Scottish law, although persons can be bailed for various criminal offences, yet it is only at the personal risk of the messenger that a debtor can be permitted to be at large for a single hour, after apprehension, if a goal can be reached within that period. It was in vain, therefore, that Sir Ludowic and Ramsay offered to become responsible for the appearance of the unfortunate gentleman. The officer who executed the warrant declared he could accept no terms; and the Confidential, with an indescribable sparkle of his eye, intimated, that nothing would satisfy *him* but the “clinking doon o’ the hale amount o’ the debt an’ a’ expenses.”

Negotiation, in short, was unavailing, and the carriage drove on to the prison. On its arrival thither it stopped at the bottom of the long flight of steps that led to the apartments, and as a short delay took place in procuring the turnkey, a crowd of persons collected

from the adjoining houses, surrounded the carriage, each more eager than another, to ascertain the name, rank, and offence of prisoners so gaily conducted to the Tolbooth. The low whisper soon circulated, that it was some staunch adherent of the covenant, or unindulged and outlawed preacher of the gospel, whom "Satan Turner's bluidhounds" had caught; and, consequently, many deep-drawn sighs, and not a few half-expressed exclamations of shame proceeded from the populace. At length, as the Laird ascended the steps, followed by his dejected daughter supported by Ramsay, a horseman was seen coming at full speed towards the Market-cross. When he reached the out-skirts of the crowd he dismounted, and pushing past the astonished town's-people, he sprung up the prison stair, and loudly demanded to see the gaoler. On this person presenting himself, his prisoners meanwhile leaning upon the balustrade, he placed a paper in his hands, which, after some hesitation, and calling to his assistance the messenger, he announced to be an order to suspend the execution of the warrant. All were struck with astonishment. Sir Ludowic started at the soldier-like appearance of the stranger, which recalled to his recollection, a scene which

he would most gladly have chased from his memory; but, before he was sufficiently recovered from his surprise to accost him he had remounted his reeking charger, and had galloped off in the direction of the river, at a place fordable at low water, over which he plunged and was soon out of sight.

“A man o’ consequence that, I’ll warrant ye,” said Nanny Baresoles to a crony, as the stranger passed them.

“Ay, Nanny,” replied the other, “ane may guess that frae his buirdly mannerfu’ gait—I wadna won’er though it were Lauderdale, or the Duke Hamilton himsel.”

Culzean and his daughter were replaced in the carriage, to be conveyed to a more comfortable abode, Sir Ludowic and young Ramsay filling the places that Jenks Caption, the messenger, and the Confidential, had occupied shortly before, on their return to Culzean-house, where they arrived in safety the same night.

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## CHAPTER IX.

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What, man ! ne'er pull thy hat upon thy brows ;  
Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

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*Macbeth.*

ON a Sunday shortly after the occurrences mentioned in the last Chapter, an extraordinary assemblage of the covenanters, took place at Sanquhar Moss, where the sacrament was dispensed to several thousand persons, male and female, collected from all parts within a circuit of thirty miles. At this meeting most of the unindulged and outlawed clergymen, of the west of Scotland, were present, accompanied by the leading lay adherents of their party. As the weather was rainy, the majority of the multitude returned to their homes on the same evening, although many waited in the village till the next day, especially those who had far to travel ; so that there was a considerable audience to join in the devotions of the Monday—a day always kept sacred in the

Scottish kirk, when it follows the holy ordinance beforementioned. On the Monday afternoon, however, few strangers were to be seen, except those who had relations resident in the village, or a few who had been invited to the conference of the heads of the party.

This gathering had made the hostelry of Gibbie Hodgert a place of unusual bustle. It was to him, as he said himself, “a feast of fat things.” For nearly forty-eight hours nothing had been heard under the sign of the Red Lion, but the ringing of glasses, the clanking of tankards, the drawing of corks, the decanting of liquors, the hissing of cheese, the skirling of rashers, the rattling of trenchers, and the confused hum of voices, three parts suppressed by the sanctity of the day, and the solemnity of the occasion.

But though the *vox populi* was now silent in his house, mine host had patrons, nevertheless, to wait upon, for whom he had studied to preserve a remnant in his larder. While John M'Whirter, and the Ministers, and various of the surrounding Lairds and farmers, were employed in the barn debating the course of policy, which, in the exigencies of their case, they deemed it right to pursue; Gibbie, his ostler, his cook, his turnspit, and two female

assistants, in the character of supernumeraries of all work, were toiling, stewing, sweating, and almost scalding and scorching one another, with downright haste and confusion, in preparing dinner for the party, as soon as their business should be concluded, of which mine host had already some earnest, by the "finishing prayer" being reported to be about half over.

In the parlour, the large oval oaken table, placed in the centre of the floor newly scrubbed and sanded from the tramping of the last two days, was covered with a snow-white peacock-flowered Dumfermline diaper, which, on few occasions, had either been disturbed in its creases, or its hiding-place among the treasures of Gibbie's nappery. On this were placed eight shining pewter plates, flanked with as many horn spoons, and knives and forks to correspond, thereby intimating that eight persons were expected to grace the feast, being as many as the room could conveniently accommodate.

In one of the elbow chairs, between the table and the fireplace, sat an elderly-looking man, clad in a grey-coloured cloth coat, waistcoat of the same; dark-brown coloured breeches, and blueish-grey broad-ribbed woollen stock-

ings—a capacious flat light-blue bonnet on his head, and, in his hand, a hard, knotty, polished staff, of black crab-tree, upon which he leaned his furrowed cheek upon his hand, as he gazed somewhat pensively upon the burning peats in the grate.

This was Hugh Peebles, of Heatheryetts, a small proprietor, though an extensive sheep farmer, in the neighbourhood. He was brother-in-law to John M'Whirter beforementioned, and from that connexion alone was induced to accept the invitation to dine with his relative and his friends. Whatever were his religious opinions, he had not as yet taken any part with the nonconformists, and had abstained, with his family, from attending any of those meetings which the government conceived it expedient to suppress. He was on his return home from attending a market at Dumfries, when he was unexpectedly informed by the landlord of his brother's presence at the aforesaid conference.

The prayer was ended, and the hour of dinner arrived with the guests. These were M'Whirter, and two or three persons of a similar rank in life, Sourface, Lowinstane, and the soul-soaring and phrenetic Glorifie Zion-cloots. Mine host of the Lion, in his sabbath-



suit, was all life and spirit, in placing on the table the large round of smoking boiled beef, imbedded in greens—the roasted *jiggot* of wether mutton, stretched luxuriantly upon crusted potatoes, soaked in its own palmy juice—two matronly broad-breasted hens, the flower of Gibbie's poultry for the time being, boiled and immersed in butter and parsley sauce; and last, not least, a royal haggis steaming in its own frankincense—all this, and more than all this, had our most attentive landlord placed upon the groaning table—a first course, by the way, that demonstrates the sound and substantial taste of the times. A long fast of six hours, in the open fields, exposed to a cold wind, had sharpened every appetite to the utmost stretch of impatience. M'Whirter had rivetted his eye on the tempting “chieftain of the pudding race,” and even the stoical Lowinstane himself, had taken a position within the range of the odoriferous clouds that ascended from the rump and greens, at the head of the table. In short, nothing was wanting to let the ordeal of mastication commence, but the grace of Maister Sourface, whose up-lifted hands, and compressed eyelids, bore witness that that indispensable invocation had already begun.

It was fated, however, that of these tempting viands their reverences should not taste. Gibbie Hodgert's spit, alas! had that day been turned for far different guests than he contemplated; for the benediction was no sooner ended, and the carving-knives making their debut at different parts of the table, when mine host burst into the parlour, with the petrifying and heart-rending intelligence that a party of Turner's dragoons were coming at full speed towards the village.

“*Sic transit gloria MUNDI!*”

Never did consternation produce such a caricature of grief, terror, rage, and gaping silent wonderment. The knives and forks fell from their hands, and for a second or two, the one looked upon the other with a vacant foolish stare, as if their reverences had all at once been struck by some magic wand, and from lively hungry human beings converted into the burlesque automatons of the conjuror.

Lowinstane was the first to break silence by telling the landlord that he would retreat to his usual hiding-place in the hay-loft; and the others also implored Gibbie to place them in convenient concealments. In the accomplishment of this work the host was most expert. Lowinstane and Sourface were helped in at the

aperture in the gable of the hay-loft ; while the Laird of Doonhaugh, Zioncloots, and two or three others, were conveyed to a vacuum in the peat-stack, which the wily landlord had prepared in summer, and which was so contrived that while it could contain nearly half a dozen persons in a sitting posture, its entrance with the help of a few peats, was easily closed, and made uniform with the rest of the pile.

While Gibbie was thus zealous in the service of the servants of the covenant, his various deputies were equally industrious in removing the suspicious meats from the table. One dish was deposited in one secure place, another in another, that so they might be out of the reach and the scent of the soldiers, who on these excursions generally made exceedingly free in their quarters. But though they were successful in removing the more cumbrous articles from the parlour, all their persuasions and remonstrances had not been able to remove Hugh Peebles from his seat. He not only spurned at the suggestions of hiding himself ; but he insisted on the cloth remaining and some of the edibles for his use.

Hodgert was compelled to submit, for the party of dragoons headed by corporal Bullwinkle were already at the door.

“ What stabbling hast got, landlord ? ” en-

quired the non-commissioned commandant of the troopers.

“Only sta’ room for six, sir,” answered Gibbie, “an’ three o’ them occupied wi’ the curate’s meer, an’ my ain twa cowts. But,” continued he, “we’ve plenty o’ spare room an’ guid fodder in the byre.”

“Murrain on thy byre and thee both!” exclaimed the corporal; “send thy own nags there; we stop here for the night, old Tankard, an’ must ha’ civil treatment, look you.” With this he dismounted, gave his bridle to the next soldier, and instructed the party to see the stable cleared to their mind, while he walked deliberately towards the parlour, followed by the trembling landlord.

This detachment formed part of two troops which had the previous day been ordered from Newton-Stewart, where they were stationed, to reconnoitre and if possible disperse a conventicle which they had been informed was to be held in Eerock-Moor, a wild and retired heath near the source of the water of Stancher. On arriving at the spot, the commanding officer saw that he had been deceived, and that the information he had been furnished with by the peasantry on the route, had been intentionally given to mislead him. Enraged at being so imposed upon, and that after a long and fa-



tiguing march, he should find himself, towards the evening, in the midst of a barren and houseless moor, he made the best of his way to some sheep-cottages, and rested his men for the night. As soon as the day dawned he divided his party into small detachments, from a dozen to twenty men, and gave them orders to scour the country in all directions, suppress any conventicles they could find, and seize upon the ringleaders, and even such of the peasantry whom they might find from their homes without a sufficient reason.

This party under Bullwinkle formed one of these excursive divisions. The Corporal had heard, when approaching Sanquhar, of the meeting now dispersed, but conceiving that some of the conventiclists might still be lurking in the village, he resolved on directing his march thither.

“ Well, landlord,” began the trooper, as he was about to open the parlour door, “ how many Psalm-singing knaves hast thou sculking hereabouts?”

“ Preserve us, sir!” answered mine host, “ ye surely dinna mean to scandaleeze the guid name o’ the Red Lion?—There’s ne’er a leeving soul under my roof, but the auld Laird o’ Heatheryetts, honest man, takin his bit chack in

the spence there on his way frae Dumfriesh fair."

"Humph!" said the Corporal, and rudely burst into the room.

Dress has in all times and nations less or more marked the manners and opinions of men; and in all the feuds and civil wars of this island, the habiliments of the stranger have uniformly been taken as the criterion of his party, his profession, his religion, his loyalty, or his treason. The roses of Lancaster and York—the snuff-brown coat of a roundhead, the laced blue one of a cavalier—the green of a united Irishman, the orange of a Williamite—and, as in the instance before us, the blue coat and cocked hat of the episcopalian, and the broad-skirted grey one, and light blue bonnet of the covenanter.

Bullwinkle measured Hugh Peebles by the usual standard, and seeing the Sunday dress, the coat of forbidden hue, and the hated bonnet now spread upon his knee, as if it had turned king's evidence against its owner, he at once concluded that Peebles was one of the conventiclists whom he had caught unawares, and that the story of his travels was a presbyterian fiction devised for the emergency.

"Laird o' Yeatherflats, I dare say! and a fa-

mous preacher o' the gospel, doubtless!" exclaimed the corporal. "Pray, old canter," continued he, addressing Peebles, "how many o' the precious might there be at the sanctuary yesterday?"

"I'm here in the way o' my lawfu' calling," answered the Laird, somewhat gruffly, "o' whilk I'll satisfy ye gin need be; but I'm no to be insulted wi' sic questions, the mair yespecially as I ken nought anent the meeting you speak o'." And having so said, he began to carve the meat that stood before him.

"Not so fast, blue bonnet," interposed the trooper, lifting the roasted *jiggot*, and placing it nearer himself, "there are better people than thee to feed first—so let me hear thy name and place of abode."

The farmer bore this outrage with the greatest patience, and intimated his name and residence in the vicinity.

He enquired as to his alleged journey to Dumfries—his several stoppages on the road—the nature of his business, and whether he had at any time or recently attended field-preachings, to all which the Laird gave distinct answers. He then asked, if he knew if any of the conventiclists harboured in the vicinity, and their names, and where they were to be found.

“I ken naething about whaur any sic persons as ye seek can be found; *an’ even gin I did—* but——”

“Even if you did!—ay, a slice o’ the covenant after all—if you did know, you mean to say, you’d be d——d before you’d tell;—an’t it so, old grey coat?”

To this no reply was made, for the corporal at the same instant, told Peebles he was his prisoner, and pulling out a pair of hand-screws, fixed them upon the unoffending man in the most rude and remorseless manner.

By this time the rest of the party having placed their horses in the stable and elsewhere, where they luxuriated on the landlord’s beans and oats, were now rummaging the interior of the hostelry on their own account. They had no sooner entered, than their keen olfactory nerves were saluted with the floating perfumes of the kitchen, and their mortification was extreme when they were told that a single leg of “Scotch mutton” was the sole cause of a savour that tantalized their empty craving English stomachs. But they were not to be deceived by this fiction. They had been accustomed to analyze the qualities of boiled and roasted too long to mistake a rump for a shank; and as soon as they had despatched what the



corporal had seized, which they did in the twinkling of an eye, and had quenched their thirst with no stinted quantity of mine host's ale, they commenced an active forage after the other viands, which they conceived the knavish landlord had had the hardihood to conceal.

But Gibbie's viands were beyond their search, (where, is of no consequence to the reader,) and accordingly the disappointment of the troopers required to be vented on something else. All this while Peebles sat pinioned by the fire, uttering not a word. The soldiers rioted in his presence over such other plunder as they could find, bandying about their coarse and profane jests, the offspring of their debauched and predatory habits—taunting their prisoner—imprecating in the most brutal terms all of his sect—and vilifying the religion they professed. At length the corporal gave orders to four of his party to mount, and conduct the prisoner to his destination, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the story he told was true—his period of absence, as he said—and, (what was of more importance still,) whether or not any of his household were strangers or known conventiclists, in which case all such were to be escorted to the presence of him, the commandant of the detachment.

The four men were soon accoutred and mounted, and Hugh Peebles was led out in his manacles, and marched before them towards his residence.

The stillness of death reigned over the village as the dragoons paced slowly down its solitary street with their prisoner. Though but an early hour in the afternoon, the place seemed deserted; and but for the thin blue smoke that issued from a straw-bound chimney here and there, one would have thought that either the grim tyrant had laid his cold hand upon the inhabitants, or that some drowsy potion had at an unusual hour steeped them in repose. Not even a straggling child was to be seen. The doors were all shut, the window-screens drawn, and the busy curiosity of the populace, that prevails the stronger in the more secluded situations, was here turned out of its natural current, by the innate dread which a recollection of past deeds and the hated presence of the soldiers inspired. No sumpter boy, or truant girl, as generally happens, strolled after the cavalcade; the wandering blue-gown and gipsy turned them into a by-path to shun it; and even the village idiot, whose scathed intellects afford him enjoyment in scenes of distress and on the thresholds of wretchedness, here

slunk into a corner, and hid himself with affright.

One individual alone, a few minutes after the escort had passed through the village, was seen to follow its route, wrapped in his grey chequered plaid; his heavy head, covered with an old storm-beaten bonnet, hanging down upon his breast; his thick rung or cudgel under his arm; and followed by a shaggy sheep-dog, apparently as sad and contemplative as his master. This was one of the Laird's shepherds, who invariably attended him to all fairs and markets, performing the drudgery of his calling, in selling, buying, or exchanging—tending the drove bought or to be sold, and acting as protector of his master's interests in the market, and his person on the highway. He was a man upwards of six feet high, broad in the shoulders, full in the chest, and brawny, hardy, and athletic in proportion; so much so, that his extraordinary strength, often exerted in the gymnastic diversions of the Scottish border, to the admiration of the spectators, had obtained for him the characteristic familiarity of "Big Will Waterstane." He had been with his master to Dumfries on this occasion, and at the time the military arrived at the hostelry, he was in the house of a friend,

at a few doors distant, and thereby had escaped their notice. He was informed by Hodgert, from time to time, of the treatment the Laird was receiving, and consequently waited in his concealment the issue; resolved at every hazard to follow him wherever he might be conveyed.

During the interval that elapsed between the arrival of the dragoons and the departure of Peebles, M'Whirter and the others had also been apprised of what had taken place. The last-named individual felt so much interested in the fate of his relative, who had been partly led into this jeopardy by his solicitations, that he determined on following him to Heather-yetts, and rendering him all the aid in his power, in case the soldiers should proceed to any further act of severity. M'Whirter, therefore, and Will Waterstane had the same objects in view; for the shepherd, as soon as he reached the end of the village, crossed the country by a path which no horses could travel, so that he reached the farm at the same instant as the other.

The family of Hugh Peebles consisted, at this time, of a daughter and two sons, youths of sixteen and twelve years of age. His wife had been dead for several years. Emily Peebles, now in her nineteenth year, was a pretty country



girl, in the full bloom of rural bashfulness, the mistress of all the tenderness and simplicity of her sex in retirement, and the matronly discretion of one further advanced in life. She had the sole charge of the concerns of the household, owing to her aunt, her father's sister, being in a declining state of health. In the house, besides, were two female servants and an old unmarried shepherd, who had faithfully "walked the faulds" of his healthy but laborious profession for nearly sixty years. At a short distance from the farm-house were the cottages of two other shepherds, also servants of Peebles, who were stout men in the prime of life.

John M'Whirter explained the circumstances under which the Laird had been seized by the dragoons, but represented the escort homewards as merely a precautionary measure, that so the fears of the infirm aunt and her niece might not be unnecessarily aroused by seeing the old man bound and guarded by the King's troops. Emily Peebles, however, could not conceal the tremor and involuntary dread with which she was seized; and although she strove to hide from the junior branches of the family the fears that agitated her, yet she thought there was something fearfully alarming, if

not foreboding, in the dark-hanging brows of Waterstane, and in the apprehensive glare with which her uncle looked from the window towards the avenue leading to the grange, and the wild and gloomy manner in which he bit his nether lip, and muttered occasionally to himself. But what excited her suspicions most was the observing that Doonhaugh was armed in a way she had never seen before—namely, with pistols in a black belt, partly concealed by the broad skirts of his coat, from which also hung a heavy broad sword. Besides, she did not fail to remark, that Waterstane and her uncle held private conferences, and often pointed to the rafters of the kitchen; and that the former had twice made a hasty visit to his brother shepherds in the contiguous cottages.

At last the cavalcade was seen to approach the house—the laird still walking with his hands bound in the van. John M'Whirter then thought of his personal safety, and, with the assistance of Waterstane, clambered up amongst the smoke, dust, and thatch of the house, whence, unperceived, he could have a distinct view of the large kitchen, into which the party would be necessitated to come with their prisoner, before they could reach any of

the interior rooms or closets of the building. Waterstane then sat down on a low stool by the fire to wait the entrance of the soldiers.

The four troopers who had been selected for this expedition had been the most conspicuous of the foragers at the inn. They had not only helped to provoke some of the sorties which were made on the host's stock of provisions and liquors, but they had invariably appropriated to themselves a maximum share of the spoil. They were not intoxicated outright; but they had made such free use of the wine and ale, as served to make their ribaldry more offensive, and their behaviour more rude, insolent, and brutal. On the road their treatment of the prisoner had been highly outrageous. They saluted him with the most scurrilous terms, making him at the same time walk either fast or slow, as suited their mirth, and threatening to shoot him dead on the spot should he prove the least refractory to their commands.

Three of the soldiers entered the kitchen with the prisoner, the foremost of whom demanded to see the mistress of the house.

“ My aunt's unweel, an' canna be seen,” answered Emily Peebles.

“ But I *must* see her, my lass,” said the

soldier, making his way to the entrance that led to the indisposed female's apartment.

Emily flew to stop him, by placing herself between the door and the trooper.

“ Ha ! my rosy minx,” he exclaimed, “ dost mean to defend the garrison? Zounds! but thou art worth the storming theeself;” and he began to take some liberties, which Emily resisted with all her strength.

“ Haud your hands aff my young mistress,” interposed Will Waterstane, rising from his seat. “ Gin you’ve anither errand, speak it before the hallan here; but hands aff the maiden, or ye’ll maybe rue’t, my lad.”

“ Whew ! Who the devil art thee ?” shouted the trooper, looking contemptuously on the shepherd, and still continuing to insult the terrified Emily. “ Pinion that lout, Joe,” continued he, addressing his companion, “ or drive a bullet through his bull’s head.”

The soldier proceeded to execute the *minor* part of the sentence, by pulling a cord from his jacket, with which he essayed to bind the hands of the shepherd.

“ Put up your twine, my guid man,” said Will, calmly, to the soldier, “ I’ve done ye nae harm; but tak my word for’t, harm will be



done gin that fallow keeps na his hands aff Emily Peebles. Dragoon!" added he, raising his voice somewhat authoritatively, "let gae the maiden this instant!"

"My sister wonna be ill-used afore my een," also spoke the eldest of the boys, as he interfered to separate Emily from the horse-man's grasp.

The trooper held the girl in one hand, and with the other struck the youth a blow on the face with his iron scabbard, which made him reel across the floor covered with blood.

Waterstane sprang from the corner of the fireplace, and grasping his ash rung, levelled a back stroke at the head of the dragoon, which stretched him senseless on the floor.

His companions drew their swords upon the shepherd, but they made no impression upon the arm of a trained cudgelist, who warded their blows so successfully, that it was apparent he was a match for them both at such weapons; but the dragoon on the outside, who had been left in charge of the horses, hearing the clang of swords, entered with his pistols, and as the Laird of Doonhaugh jumped upon the floor to aid Waterstane, the soldier fired, and lodged the contents of his pistol in the shoulder of the unfortunate shepherd. Will stumbled back

a few paces, and as Doonhaugh was about to return the fire, a discharge of a musket, from another part of the house, brought to the ground the soldier who had wounded Waterstane. On this M'Whirter replaced his pistol, and aided Will, who still fought manfully, in expelling the two swordsmen; but one of them, as he retreated, seized the remaining undischarged pistol, which he was in the act of cocking, when another shot, from another unseen hand from the window, laid him mortally wounded by the side of his comrade. At the same instant the first dragoon, who had been struck by Waterstane, recovering from the stunning effects of the blow, and boiling with rage and a thirst for revenge, extricated a pistol from part of his accoutrements, as he lay on the floor, and presented it at the person nearest him. Old Peebles himself, who happened to be so placed, had just time to spring beyond his aim and avoid the ball, which struck to the heart the venerable, grey-haired shepherd, and killed him on the spot. Another blow from the cudgel of Waterstane put an end to the career of him who fired last, while his companion retreated to the door, where he was seized by the two shepherds without and disarmed.

The scene which the kitchen now presented was indeed appalling. The distracting cries of the females and boys—the clang of swords—the explosion of fire-arms—the old servant stretched a corpse along the hearth, and three dragoons in the agonies of death upon the floor—the elder Peebles bleeding from a random stroke of a sabre—his son cut across the face in a shocking manner—and the stout and courageous Will Waterstane severely, if not mortally, wounded. To crown all, the infirm mistress of the family aroused from her sick bed, and sunk, in a state of insensibility, in the arms of Emily, herself nearly similarly exhausted with terror.

This carnage was all accomplished in a very few minutes; and the family that but an hour before reposed in undisturbed peace and security, unconscious of guilt, and unsuspecting of what awaited them, saw their lonely, tranquil, happy hearth, stained with human gore—the abode of innocence turned into a slaughter-house—and the voice of song, of filial affection, and of holy devotion, converted into the loud wail of distraction, and the groans of the dying.

With the aid of the shepherds, the dead and wounded soldiers were removed, and such as-

sistance rendered to all as the skill of the party afforded. One dragoon was dead, and it was obvious that two more were in a dying state; and it therefore became necessary to consider the consequences, before the fourth should be permitted to return to his comrades at Sanquhar. It was eventually resolved, that the wounded men should be taken care of in the barn, and the survivor detained till a sufficient force could be collected from the neighbourhood to protect the family from the reprisals of the soldiery.

Ere this, many people had been attracted to the spot by the report of the fire-arms, all anxious for the safety of the family, and ready to join in any measure for their defence. But the impracticability of such a step soon became apparent; and before midnight it was deemed advisable to remove the entire inmates of Heatheryetts, the invalid lady among the rest, to different parts of the country. The dragoon was permitted to return to his party; and Hugh Peebles, after seeing his old faithful shepherd interred under the old willow at the foot of the garden, was led to a hiding place some miles off by John M'Whirter. As for Waterstane, he was able to walk to Sanquhar, but not without great pain, where he remained



in the house of a friend, unknown to any one but the honest chirurgeon of the place, who had the good fortune to extract the ball, not a little indebted, we must add, for the success of the operation, to the robust health of his patient, who ultimately recovered. The wounded dragoons died through the night, and by the pale morning moonlight were sepulchred by the side of their companion, on the top of a green knoll, at a short distance from where stood the old grange or farm-stead of Heatheryetts, the rubble of which, as well as the broad hearth flag, on which "puir Willie Laidlie" sat when he was shot by the trooper, were to be seen but a few years ago. The shepherd who showed the spot, not for lucre but for love, after pouring forth his just execrations on the troopers, changed his tone and the wrinkles of his countenance into a delectable and triumphant sneer, as he pointed with his finger to the green knoll, and observed, "Ay, and there, on that hillock, whaur ye see the lang leaves o' the dockens flapping in the win, lie the banes o' the three Englishers, wha paid dearly for the life o' Willie Laidlie."

## CHAPTER X.

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Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear,  
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear:  
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!  
How long thy temple worshipless, O God!

*Hebrew Melodies.*

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THE outrage narrated in the foregoing chapter, and some others of a similar kind, drove the covenanters to desperation. The cry of "To arms" resounded in hill and dale; and a front of bold defiance was presented to the King's troops and the government. The assault upon Peebles was flamed over the country, exaggerated, and paraphrased, to rouse the feelings of the disaffected; and at every farm-house and cottage were to be heard the sullen threat, and the hollow curse, and the half-suppressed vow of retaliation upon the aggressors. Heatheryetts himself, from that hour, became a zealous partisan in the cause, and hundreds of persons, similarly situated as he was before his rencounter with the dragoons, instantly tossed

their former resolutions of neutrality to the winds, and joined heart and hand with the malcontents.

It was not in the house of Peebles alone that these straggling parties of cavalry committed violence. Their conduct every where was the most wanton and reprehensible. Innocence was no shield against their insolence and rapacity. They tortured those whom they could not criminate. To insult, on the harmless and retired inmates of a farm-house or hamlet, they added cruelty. They administered provocation and punished the effects of it; and, under the garb of authority, invaded the privacy, ransacked the depositories, pillaged the goods, and rioted in overbearing rudeness at the firesides of all.

These oppressions were not to be borne. A proud-minded peasantry, galled to the heart with restrictions on their religious principles, were not likely to submit passively to wrongs, which they all felt to be equally unjust and degrading. "It is not enough, we perceive," they said, "to be forced to seek an asylum from the King's troops in the wild moors and glens, where alone the God of Heaven can be worshipped after our consciences and the manners of our fathers; but these persecutors seek

our lives. They have denied us justice, and now they seek to exterminate us. They claim for the protestant episcopalians ecclesiastical ascendancy, in a country where the rules of their church were never recognised; and they send fire and sword among the hills, to suppress the simple, unadorned, and unsophisticated forms of our national worship. But they never shall so point the finger of scorn at our degradation! They *may* extirpate us—they *may* hunt us from these crags and these recesses—they *may* leave us no corner of the earth to worship in—no grey stone for an altar—no dark glen for a tabernacle—no minister to offer the sacrifice of our public adoration—they *may* erase our towns, houses, and cottages to their foundations; but we solemnly vow, *this* only can they accomplish with the shedding of our blood. The Almighty hath given us arms, and we shall wield them in *his* cause—we have put our hands to the plough, and God desert us at the latter day if we turn back!”

On the day after the outrage, the remainder of Bullwinkle’s party were fain to make a hasty retreat from Sanquhar. The Corporal saw something like alarm in the looks and gestures of the villagers, and the numbers of strangers that came pouring in from all directions, armed,



fearless, and bent upon some warlike enterprise. Fortunately for him, he heard the war-note of preparation in time; and reflecting on the fate which his comrades had met on the preceding night, he mustered his men, and sounded a march for Dumfries, which he did not accomplish without encountering a few straggling shots as he cleared the village.

Shortly after this the covenanters were in a state of rebellion. Goaded on by domestic injuries from the military; and burning with indignation at the rigorous manner in which the government attempted to enforce their favourite measure of conformity in religious worship, making it a pretence for the most wanton and relentless persecution; and withal stimulated not a little by the friendly assurances of Buckingham, and his emissary, Major Sarney, they flew to arms to the number of about fifteen hundred strong.

At first they marched to Dumfries, and issued a declaration expressive of their loyalty to the King; but assigning as a reason for their appearing in a hostile attitude, their attachment to the presbyterian religion, their hatred of Bishops, and the unmerited persecution they had endured in adhering to the ancient forms and ordinances of the Scottish kirk.

No concession being made them by the English government, they retired into their fastnesses in Galloway and Ayrshire, acquiring strength in their progress, observing the strictest discipline, and even offering no molestation to any of the Deans or Curates in the towns or villages through which they passed.

But as they understood, that instead of concession, the government were resolved to try the effects of Dalzel's regimen upon them in the first instance—a course of practice, by the bye, which all governments are in the habit of following with refractory subjects ; because it consisteth not with the dignity of kings to cry, “Mercy” before they are beaten, or before that portentous crisis when treason threatens to change sides ;—being apprized of this determination on the part of Charles, and learning moreover that Dalzel was actually on his march to Aire, with about six hundred horse and two thousand foot, they became exasperated in the extreme, and so far from dreading the superior strength, and the “King's name,” which Crookback in the play says is a “tower of strength,” quoting, as we opine, some adage of holy writ—all which was on the side of their enemy, they made a precipitate march to Laneric, and on a sabbath-day, in full armour,

they solemnly swore to maintain the articles of the covenant inviolate, against all opposition from within or from without, and never to lay down their trusty swords, till they should restore the supremacy and independency of the true presbyterian kirk of Scotland.

The Royal Burgh of Laneric, darkly pulverized as its soil had been with the lambent ashes of the martyrs, never saw such a day. Many times, in sooth, had her ançient spire been illumined with the funeral piles of justice, on which hags profane, the earthly ambassadresses of Satan, suffered amid popular acclamations, for the sins of witchcraft. But the most splendid and popular of these fiery inhumations were exceeded in awful grandeur on this occasion. Ay! many a pious burgess and deacon, not more than verging upon the teens of sinility, could attest what their grandfathers and great great grandmothers had told them they had seen of the glories of by-past times, and how multitudes, thirsting after knowledge, came pouring from the four winds of heaven to hear the oracles expounded by the famous Knox himself. But these solemn assemblies—even these appeals of the great Reformer to living masses of converts from popery, bore with them no awe equal to this—no thrilling sympathy over

wrongs long endured, but now crying out to Heaven for redress, as was excited by Glorifie Zioncloots and his reverend associates on this occasion.

It was a cloudy and sultry day, towards the end of harvest. Early in the morning the roads leading to the venerable churchyard of this ancient Burgh were thronged with multitudes of all ages, arrayed in their best attire, and wearing the demure and serious air which the sanctity of the Lord's-day, and the solemnity of the service in which they were about to join, called upon them to assume. In all directions groups were seen climbing the steep winding path by which the town was approached by the bridge from the northward. The ascent in the distance appeared like a variegated flower-plot ; the purple, russet, and silver-grey linsey-woolsey gown of the matron—the crimson and blue, the claret and lilac coloured kirtles of the damosels—the hoods of all shades of the former, and the silken snoods of every hue of the latter, interspersed with the grey coats and blue bonnets of the men and the boys, gave a peculiar and picturesque effect to the natural beauty of the landscape. Over all, the town itself towered high in the welkin, while the low mournful murmur of the Clyde, sweeping its transparent



waters through the deep dell, and roaring in white foam over its hundred falls in its progress, seemed a hymn of praise poured out by nature to her eternal Author. What distinguished the meeting from ordinary assemblies of presbyterians at divine service, were the numbers of armed men, who lined the precincts of the churchyard. The sword and belt, the musket, and carbine, and holster-pistol—the leathern vallis appendaged to the back, or forming a seat for its owner—the horses drawn up behind the dry stone wall, accoutred for the field—had rather a warlike appearance beside the bible, the pulpit-tent, and the solemn visages of the preachers and hearers.

The services of the day commenced in the usual form, by one of the ministers reading the psalm which was to be sung, which had a remarkable affinity to the state of the times, the acerbity of public feeling, and the object of their meeting. The book of Psalms is fraught with delineations of human life, and none knew better than the Scottish covenanters the value and importance of a well-timed application of the text. We quote the psalm used on the occasion, by premising that the singers considered the King as the prime source of all their

sufferings, and they accordingly applied the denunciations of the Royal Poet to him whom they considered a perjured and an apostate monarch. Perhaps in the whole range of scripture exclamation there is nothing to equal the following stanzas.

Few be his days, and in his room  
 His charge another take ;  
 His children let be fatherless,  
 His wife a widow make.  
 His children let be vagabonds,  
 And beg continually ;  
 And from their places desolate,  
 Seek bread for a supply.

Let covetous extortioners  
 Catch all he hath away ;  
 Of all for which he laboured hath  
 Let strangers make a prey.  
 Let there be none to pity him,  
 Let there be none at all,  
 That on his children fatherless  
 Will let his mercy fall.

*Let his posterity from earth  
 Cut off for ever be,  
 And in the following age their name  
 Be blotted out by thee.*

Let God his father's wickedness  
 Upon his head to fall,  
 And never let his mother's sin  
 Be blotted out at all.

But let them all before the Lord  
 Appear continually,  
 That he may wholly from the earth  
 Cut off their memory.

*Because he mercy minded not,  
But persecuted still  
The poor and needy, that he might  
The broken-hearted kill.*

One preacher succeeded another, and the theme of the discourse of all was the persecution which they had suffered in the cause of religion. The last who addressed the multitude was the expelled pastor of Cairnrymple. His dark haggard aspect wore that day a more wild and impassionate appearance. He seemed as one lost in the commotions of his own bosom, and insensible to every thing around him. As if enveloped in a trance, he looked as if he held no communication with the earth but to denounce it as the abode of sin and wretchedness—where the arrow flieth by day and the pestilence walketh by night, and where blood alone could expiate the crimes—the wrongs—the oppressions, and the slaughterings, with which prelacy had stained it.

His text was taken from his favourite prophet Jeremiah—

Woe ! be unto the pastors that destroy and  
scatter the sheep of my pasture, saith the  
Lord.

He expatiated on the sufferings of his presbyterian brethren, and on the desolation with which Scotland had been visited since the resto-

ration of the King—on the insulting domination of Bishops, whom, he said, the people abhorred, and the oppressions which had driven the faithful to the hills and morasses for the sake of the gospel. “Ah! my friends,” said he in conclusion, “our wrangs can be borne nae langer—the day of Sion’s redemption is at last at hand—the captivity of Babylon will soon be at an end. The Lord hath girded on your swords wi’ his ain uplifted arm, and in the words o’ my text, ‘woe! be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep.’—Woe! be unto the prelates—to the wolves that prey on the green pastures o’ Scotland!—the time is at last come when we will avenge the blood that hath been shed—when the souls of the nearest and dearest of our kindred wha were slain before our een, will sing the song of triumph over our success. But think na,” he continued, “my dear friends, when ye have ta’en up arms in the cause o’ the gospel, that you are to lay them down before the vineyard be weeded, or till the ark of the covenant be borne out o’ the wilderness. The strife, my orethren, an’ the warfare, may be long and arduous, as was that o’ Elijah the prophet with the cruel Jezebel, or that o’ the good Obadiah with the wicked Ahab, but trust in HIM and ye



shall prevail at last. Ay! my dear brethren, though the fires be extinguished in our cottages—though the crow flees ower the ruined wa's, whare ance the morning and the evening hymn rang to the praise o' the Creator—though the wild glen be our tabernacle—the barren moor our home—the flo' moss, and the heather, our sacramental table, and the sword alone our protection frae utter destruction, still I see a day, when our hames will be mair sacred, and when our altars and our priests will be restored to us again, when Sathan will be humbled in the dust, and our proud enemies convinced that *richt* will triumph over *nicht*—I see it, my friends—the day is at hand!”

After the service of the day was concluded, the articles of the Covenant were read aloud, and the male part of the audience were solemnly invoked by the minister, to adhere to and maintain them against all opposition. At each clause, the preacher called upon his hearers to give their assent and sanction to the instrument, by holding up their right hands. Every arm was stretched towards the firmament; and when, in a solemn sonorous voice he ejaculated, “*May God enable us to fulfil this Covenant!*” —“Amen! amen!” responded from every lip. With the last exclamation, an awful peal of

thunder rolled through the heavens. The forked lightning, in the still gloom of the afternoon, flashed among the trees and the gothic arches of the church, and peal upon peal appalled every breast with dread, as the vast multitude dispersed from the scene of devotion. The sky that had been lowering through the day, thus divested of its combustibles, poured forth torrents of rain, which, in an instant, drenched the throng, all the while exposed in the fields.

This finale to the "Taking of the Covenant," as it was called, was considered by the ministers and ruling elders, and by most of the brethren, as a happy presage of the favour of the Almighty, and demonstrated the ratification of their vows above, in the same way as was manifested on Mount Sinai, at the deliverance of the ten tables to Moses. But Deacon Peerie, a satirical wag, who lived in those days, and who was always suspected of having a warm side to the prelacy of the government, used to say, that when the godly boasted so much of the favour which the thunder and lightning had done them, "they ne'er spak aë word," quoth the Deacon, "o' the guid drouking the maist o' them got afterwards."

While these proceedings were evolving—

while the covenanters were in open arms—while iron-hoofed rebellion stalked over the fair realm of Scotland, a personage makes his appearance, whose movements are of material interest to this narrative, and whose character, more familiar to the reader than he is aware of, demands from us additional notice and development.

About night-fall of a rainy day, a man of ordinary stature, dark complexion, and beyond the middle age, was seen to enter the “house of entertainment” of the Olive Branch, kept by Marion Dalgliesh, in the Cowcaddens of Glasgow. He was attired in the grey-black of the kirk—his coat of the wide-skirted, spare-breasted, single-collared fashion of the Genevian clergy—his long dark hair hanging down upon his cambric cravat—and his whole exterior denoting him to be a person in holy orders. He was followed by a man of rather shorter stature, dressed in a shabby suit of brown doublet and small-clothes, dark-blue ribbed stockings, light grey coat, and blue bonnet.

When the former entered the tavern, he demanded to know, whether he and his companion could be accommodated with a bed or beds for the night. But Marion Dalgliesh was too circumspect a dame to admit into the

sanctuary of the Olive Branch persons whom she did not know, and she, accordingly, after eyeing, as narrowly as her short-sightedness would admit with decorum, the dripping clothes of the strangers, replied, that hers was a respectable house, and she didna ken gif she had a bed to spare to folk that micht, for ony thing she knew to the contrair, be——

The stranger saw that mine hostess was considerably at a loss for an excuse, for refusing the privileges of the hostelry; and he relieved her hesitation, by gently patting her on the shoulder, and asking fleeringly, how she came so soon to forget her old friends.

The landlady pulled the stranger nearer the dim rays of the twilight (for he was yet but upon the threshold of the door), and bringing her two small dusky optics within the requisite focus of a few inches of his nose, held up her hands as she exclaimed, “His Presence! Maister Hosiah M‘Gill, is’t really you?”

Hosiah M‘Gill was known only to the landlady as a persecuted Presbyterian preacher from the north of Ireland. Several years previous to this visit, he had appeared in that capacity in the western parts of the kingdom, and lived on the contributions of the brethren. He had been admitted to some pulpits, whose owners



believed his story; but his holy labours had been principally confined to the fields in the vicinity of Glasgow. All of a sudden, however, he had disappeared, and it was generally believed, by those who knew him, that he had been secretly seized by government, and either conveyed to the Bass Rock, (a sea-girt prison-house in the German ocean, in high repute in those days) or transported to the American colonies. During this peregrination, he had honoured with his custom the hostelry of the Olive Branch; and, on the intelligence of his arbitrary banishment being reported to mine hostess, she consoled herself for the loss of her lawin, which the worthy preacher had not had an opportunity of defraying, by trusting that he would become a burning and shining light amongst the heathen; and, indeed, she was often heard to say, as she wiped her eyes, that “the taking awa’ o’ Maister M’Gill, guid man, was a sad stroak at the hand o’ Providence on the persecuted remnant, for she had never in a’ her experience forgathered wi’ ane mair singularly gifted, in the expounding o’ the word, or mair eydent in the observance o’ gospel ordinances.”

But Marion Dalgleish was conversant only with the gilded side of her wily guest; for,

since the truth must be told, honest Hosiah had been caught *in flagrante delicto*, propagating scandalous doctrines, in the town of Baronthro', to a large congregation of hearers ; and one day, when engaged in prayer at a funeral, in the same neighbourhood, and holding his hat before his eyes, as was his usual custom when so devoutly employed, a person present happening to glance over his shoulder, was almost horror-struck, at seeing a silver crucifix fastened to the bottom of his chapeau ! This atrocious and inexpressible crime getting to be known, the good Hosiah thought it expedient to change the field of his labours. But of this *faux pas*, mine hostess of the Olive Branch knew nothing.

For a long period during the civil wars of England, and the dissensions of Scotland, the partisans of the Church of Rome cherished a notion, that as popular preaching had conduced to the overthrow of the ancient faith, the same powerful weapon might be made to contribute to its restoration. They conceived that the struggles of the Presbyterians for toleration, and the secret attachment of the House of Stuart to popery, were circumstances favourable to an attempt to win over the body of the people to the bosom of the only true

church; and, accordingly, it was no uncommon occurrence to meet with a wandering Jesuit, under the garb of a nonconformist, declaiming to an assemblage of country-people from a hill-side. In their sermons they took care to moot their peculiar doctrines, in an ambiguous strain, more to draw attention to the subject than discuss it; and, although many of them allowed their zeal to betray them, still there were others, of cooler temperament, who maintained the disguise, and laboured in the cause of the Holy See to the last, without, however, making any impression on the principles of their followers. The very humblest of the people were such adepts in biblical criticism, and so familiar with scriptural authorities for the doctrines they believed, that even the learned and subtle casuists of Alma Mater found their toil to be unavailing.

Father Philip de Regnis, alias Hosiah M'Gill, was one of these contraband missionaries, and how far faithful to the trust reposed in him by Lord Macdonnell will appear in the sequel.

But it is now time to call the reader's attention to the situation of Alice O'Brian.

When Anthony Lesley removed from the

lodging of the Mistress Euphemia Graham, he carried with him to his new domicile in the Westergate, the reputation of a sedate, sober, somewhat still and eccentric, but serious and religious man. He had been so scrupulous in his conduct, and had imposed such restraints upon the nurse, that Mistress Euphemia, though as discerning a spinster as most ladies at her years, had not been able to detect any material flaw in his outward deportment, further than that she considered Anthony overly neglectful of kirk ordinances, and family worship, the which, although it met with her severest censure, she partly allowed to be palliated by the fact of his having been a sojourner among the idolaters and pagans of foreign lands.

But he had not been long in his new habitation, before the wonderment of the Westergate was excited, by his studied evasion of every attempt to coax or inveigle him into society. It was observed, that rarely any one visited his house except Duplies the writer, —who happened to be one of those guests whose absence is esteemed more valuable, in the world's opinion, than their company, at any time—and an elderly personage, whom vile rumour at first gave out to be an English malignant, and next a popish priest in disguise.



Mistress Euphemia, it is true, had been a visiter now and then, to see Alice and the child ; but as soon as it began to be rumoured, that the Refugee was not only a harbourer of the agents of anti-Christ, but, in good sooth, a papist himself, her correspondence terminated, with a fervent ejaculation of thanks to Providence, that he, Anthony, did not occupy her lodgings in the Gallowgate, to the scandal of her good name.

Lesley, however, felt no other inconvenience from his residence in the city of St. Mungo, and Alice endured the abridgments and seclusion of the mode of life which she led, with more equanimity than could have been expected from a person of her condition. But, after some time, her situation became more lonely and unpleasant, just as the health and strength of her little charge demanded less of her care ; and, especially, as those suspicions so indigenious and injurious to her sex, in all ranks of life, began to rouse the slumbering sparks of misled and misplaced affection. In short, she began, for the first time, to suspect that she had been deceived, and that her promised marriage with Brennan was an artful and ingenious, though a malicious pretence.

But all this might have been borne in silence,

now that the black deed was done, had Lesley's conduct towards her been the same. This, however, had been altered for the worse. His peculiar situation, from the artifices of Duplies, had affected his temper. His manners had become more morose—his air more desponding; and the restraints which he imposed upon her were not so much more arbitrary, as they were enforced in a more harsh and distant tone than formerly.

Anthony's feelings were not ruffled causelessly. The law's delay, and the lawyer's iron hold upon his property, preyed upon his mind. By various manœuvres, Duplies had wiled from him nearly the whole of his money, exclusive of the sums which he had disbursed in the shape of costs, and in the name of Father Venzani. The farm, or Mailin of Gryfeland, consisting of about forty acres, had come to a sale by public auction, and had been purchased by the attorney, for his client, Lesley; and, although more than six months had elapsed since the payment was made, Multiple had, by one ingenious excuse or another, delayed or refused delivering over to him the regular deeds—the tenures of his property. He had not even received a payment in the shape of rent, although an industrious and thriving

tenant occupied the farm; and it not a little surprised him, when, on one occasion, he visited the place, the farmer stated, in reply to a question, "that he had never heard o' siccan a person as Anthony Lesley having bought land in that part o' the kintra, and that the only sale whilk had happened in the Inchinnan parish, was the Gryfeland, whilk" he said, "had been coft by Multiple Duplies, the vriter, in Glasgow."

This communication, taken in conjunction with other circumstances, alarmed the Refugee, and impressed him not only with mistrust of the attorney's conduct, but regret and self-reproach at having intrusted so much in his hands. And yet he was necessitated to smother his fears and his regrets in his own gloomy bosom. He had to bear towards the lawyer the exterior of unsuspecting confidence, in all he said, advised, excused, or commended.

From these sources of mental vexation, Lesley became more unsocial, penurious, and unhappy at home; and the life of the unfortunate auxiliary of his crimes became also more unbearable. The act by which she had so wantonly and afflictingly injured a noble family, recoiled upon her restless conscience in

the visions of the night. Even the smiles of the stolen child each day awakened the painful recollections; and, as she caressed her in her arms, it was oftener from the impulses of sorrow, which her artless lisplings bestirred, than from the overflowings of real fondness. The superstitious enthusiasm with which she had at first been animated had become torpid, from the non-realization of the promises of her advisers; and disappointment had soured a mind upon which maiden vanity had depicted some of its silliest day-dreams. At last, Alice resolved upon eloping with the child, returning to Dublin, and throwing herself upon the clemency of Lord Macdonnell. For this purpose she, one morning at the break of day, packed up a few moveables and what money she had from time to time received from Lesley, and taking the little girl in her hand, left his house unperceived.

But, some time prior to this, the Mistress Euphemia Graham, tired of the restraints which the rag-o'-popedom government of England had imposed upon the sons and daughters of the Covenant in the good city of St. Mungo, and thirsting after the word in its purity, had disposed of her goods, gear, and plenishing, by public roup, and betaken herself to the ha-



bitation of a younger sister, who had lately, by the mishaps of eld, been left a lone motherless widow, in the romantic village of Cairn-rymple.

This lady had had the good fortune to be the wife of Admiral Trysail, a gouty scion of the protectorate, who had withdrawn his naval services from his country, with the restoration of Charles; and who had, partly from spleen, resolved upon spending the residue of his life in the blessed bands of matrimony. But being in his sixtieth winter when he came to this determination, and his kinswoman and bride only in her thirtieth, it was to be expected, in the natural current of events, that his Lady-spouse would have to encounter the bereavement of his death, when little more than in the prime of life. To this adjudication of the stars, the bride elect had nought particular to replicate, except an inward prayer, that it might be so arranged, that the Admiral might not be prematurely gathered to his fathers, until he should settle upon his to-be-inconsolable widow a certain jointure, which formed the *amoris stimuli* of the nuptial overture. In short, we must, in candour confess, that the lady, for the purpose of enforcing this salutary provision for her future days, maintained

such a close chase upon the Admiral, and continually poured such a cannonade of canister and grape shot upon him, that, at last, he was fain to strike, and, to the indescribable grief of all his other poor relations, set his hand and seal to a post obit conveyance of three hundred pounds sterling per annum, during the survivorship of his Lady.

It is not surprising, that the old Commodore was carried to his grave within five months after this transaction. To be defeated by lighter metal, at last, he thought, was a stigma on his naval reputation; so that after giving orders about the continuation of several small pensions, to a few infirm and disabled seamen in the village, and having strictly enjoined his executors to see him buried, as near the sea-shore as the churchyard wall would permit, he shook the dust out of his tobacco-pipe, threw his hoary tresses back on his easy elbow-chair, and, without a sigh or a groan, yielded up the ghost.

The Lady Trysail, accordingly, opened the sluices of her grief, and drenched her cheeks and her lily handkerchief with brine, for a month and a day. She shrouded her disconsolate countenance in the widow's weeds, and walked slowly and becomingly to the ordi-

nances of the kirk, arrayed in the dark habiliments of woe. And yet the Dowager had no cause to be so outwardly dejected; for, besides the jointure secured as aforesaid, the Admiral had become exceedingly gouty, and was captious and fretful, to a most fastidious and intolerable degree. He was addicted to an inveterate cough, and a West-India quotidian, and an equally inveterate fondness for the herbaceous products of the Virginia colonies; so that when he was not lurching about the drawing-room, with a quid under the one gum and a pipe under the other, he was sitting in the study, or in the bed-chamber, or somewhere else, hemming and coughing, and administering from a dark olive-coloured Dutch decanter, that stood generally within his reach, certain copious doses of the only cordial which he deemed an antepileptic against his disorder. From these causes we opine, that the translation of the old gentleman from this to better anchorage in a safer haven, was far from being a matter of interminable affliction. But, nevertheless, the widow Trysail mourned the dispensation as became her.

It was in the hey-day of her sister's sorrow that the Mistress Euphemia was invited to spend her days at Cairnrymple. She

had two reasons for accepting this offer. The first, that in the village she would occasionally enjoy the ministrations of the Reverend Glorifie Zioncloots, and others of the persecuted remnant, a pearl of too high price to be found in the now ungodly city of St. Mungo; and, secondly, she would be able, with her sister's assistance, to live in a style befitting her rank as one of the Grahams, without being necessitated to court a living by the plebeian calling of a lodging-letter. She transported herself to Cairnrymple accordingly.

One evening, shortly after her arrival thither, she was walking along the sandy channelly beach above which this beautiful village is situated. The day had been squally and showery, and the fishermen upon the loch were returning at an earlier hour than usual, with such whittings as they had caught, apprehensive, perhaps, of a boisterous night. While she so strayed, watching the boats as they neared the shore, a female, apparently a mendicant, approached her.

It was Alice O'Brian!

She was the very picture of wretchedness. A tattered woollen petticoat, and the remains of a piece of chequered plaiden-cloth, that had once been a roquelaire, were all she had



to protect her from the rain, and the damp cold wind of a day in the end of October. She was barefooted; and her once glossy auburn hair, that plaited over a round, rosy, laughing countenance, was now hanging dishevelled over a face pale, and bleached, and furrowed, as if famine, as well as sickness, had preyed upon it. There was a wildness in her looks, which was not a little increased by the gloom of the twilight, and the half-frantic earnestness with which she turned her eyes towards the road she had come, as if dreading the approach of pursuers. In such a state, it is hard to say, whether her old landlady would have recognised her, had she not, as she seized the terrified Euphemia by the arm, and, in the mellow accent of her country, implored her to save her, "for the love of Heaven!"

"Mercy, me!" exclaimed the Mistress Graham, "gif ye're na the *Foul Fiend* himsel, ye can be nae ither than Alice Lesley."

The nurse acknowledged the name, and repeated her solicitations.

The first revulsion of the heart so appealed to, is in favour of humanity. Commiseration is the elementary feeling. Euphemia, though in the sear of a celibate life, was not frozen in kindness as in blood, nor insensible

to the more generous ebullitions of nature; though like a trimming political statix, she modified all their impressions, and subjected them to limitations, regulated by expediency and "vested interests." Her first thought was the relief of the destitute creature that stood before her; and the next was a counter-acting recollection, that she was a papist—a member of a sect, whom the schools and wise men of her country had taught her to execrate. But there was no leisure for parley, or the refined distinctions of prejudice, and she accordingly conducted the woman to her sister's kitchen.

After her most pressing wants had been supplied, the story of the nurse was soon told. For two or three days after her elopement she had eluded the pursuit of Lesley, among the cross-roads of the moors of Ayrshire; but on the fourth day, and after the child had become tired, and was resting in a retired road, a train of Egyptians, composed of three men, as many women, and an indescribable medley of children, dogs, donkies, shelties, and panniers, some riding, others walking, children crying, the men swearing, the women scolding, and the dogs barking in chorus, approached her. Alice was unprotected; and, what was worse, she was well-dressed; and, what was worse

l , she was a stranger, as they learned by her Irish dialect. After they had insisted upon knowing her story, and inspected her bundle, and unfingered her gold ring, (an absolute treasure;) and after the Queen of the tribe had envied her new shoes, and taken a liking to her black beaver bonnet; and after one of the little black imps had stolen the little Lady Macdonnell's scarlet comforter, and would fain have done the same with her laced boots, they all further insisted upon the nurse becoming one of the band. Resistance, entreaty, tears, threats, were vain. The girl was given in charge to one of the females, and she herself compelled to follow the train. In fact, affection prompted her to do so, for the gipsies, after they had seized upon the child, plainly gave her to understand, that they were indifferent whether or no she favoured them with her company.

For four or five weeks she had been marched from place to place. They purloined her money and trinkets through the day, and before her face; and in the night they abstracted her clothes, and had given her the rags we have described. This treatment, and exposure to the night air, threw her into a violent fever, and it was when she had partly recovered from this disorder, that she determined on escaping,

and making her case known, at the first village she should reach. She did so, leaving the child behind her.

Alice communicated the facts of the Abduction, and the parentage of the child she had left, to the ladies, and expressed her anxiety for its recovery, and that her situation might be intimated to Lord Macdonnell.

The reader is, peradventure, not aware that Peter Birley, writer, in Stranraer, was at this time a hale bachelor, in the meridian of life. Besides being law-agent or solicitor for Sir Ludovic Kennedy, and others of the gentry in that vicinage, he was *dooer* or factor for the executors of the late Admiral Trysail, and, consequently, had the honour of being premier of the Faculty of Procurators in his native burgh. We say *premier*, not sarcastically, God forbid, because there was no other limb of the law in Stranraer; but from a heartfelt conviction, that although rivals and competitors had abounded, Peter Birley, from his superior acquirements, and unfathomable erudition in Scottish law, would have o'ertopped them all.

This learned person, from being the factotum to the trustees of the defunct Trysail, had of course occasion to pay his respectful service



and devoir to the Dowager at Cairnrymple; and his “ca’s,” and “passings,” and “speerings,” and “his bit canters on the sunny afternoons,” had of late become so regular and attentive, that Mistress Euphemia, though full twenty years the elder of her sister, was not a little puzzled and perplexed to unravel whether the writer’s visits had more a prospective reference to the unwedded condition of the Dowager than to that of herself. Euphemia, though a shrewd guesser upon neutral affairs, had, nevertheless, but an erroneous opinion of her own charms; for Maister Birley had not reached the zenith of forty years without knowing that a young widow, with an attraction of three hundred pounds sterling per annum, and otherwise well endowed, was, with God’s blessing, to be preferred to a yellow-leaf damosel with some fifty odd years to her account, and whose dower did not exceed fifty pund Scots, or thereby, at the most.

The secret of the affair is—the gallant attorney had resolved to make overtures to the admiral’s relict as soon as decorum would permit; and as the fair sex are generally the first to discover these intentions, before they have been shaped in words, he had some tangible reasons to conclude that he was what

"Dicken *our* master" calls a "thriving wooer." In the progress of his suit, he had chanced to take a canter to the village, and he arrived just in time to hear the concluding part of Alice O'Brian's story.

Never did intelligence of lawsuit won convey more agreeable sensations of hope and gladness to beggared litigant, than did this unexpected and extraordinary discovery produce upon the inner Adam of Peter Birley. Since the arrival of Sir Ludowic, he had learned such of the particulars of the abduction, as the baronet could impart. This circumstance, therefore, affording as it did a clue to the parties implicated, came so favourably to promote the wishes of the lawyer, who desired most anxiously to stand, not only well, but high, in the estimation of his client, that he could not conceive it to be aught else than an act of special providence, bordering on a miracle, wrought for his benefit.

He desired Alice to be detained, while he cantered off in the direction of Mount Kennedy.

## CHAPTER XI.

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We pray, and pray, but to no purpose ;  
Those that enjoy our lands choke our devotions ;  
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.

*The Spanish Curate.*

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THE rising of the Covenanters had put a stop to the ordinary avocations of both town and country. The law courts of Edinburgh were shut up—the powdered periwig was exchanged for the steel morion—the brief for the broadsword—and the begowned counsellor, that yesterday reigned at the bar, to-day commanded in the field, panoplied for the arguments of war. In consequence of this, the measures arranged by Patrick Ramsay and his colleagues for defeating the projects of the Jesuit's College were postponed, either till the malcontents should be subdued, or the results of the contest rendered less problematical. Multiple Duplies also rested on his oars. His wood-fellers bark-peelers, and sawyers, Clipsclait of the

Trongate, and the timber-craftsmen of the Broomielaw, were recalled; and the proceedings of the law suspended, as if by a regular armistice, on the part of the several litigants. Mucklegirr's coopers had also retired into winter quarters—that is to say, they applied themselves to their staves and bickers; and even Cordivan, somewhat dejected at the full measure of his wrath not having been out-poured on the head of the Confidential, was giving less heed to late than to early hours.

In this interval Sir Ludowic bethought him of a second visit to Culzean, and was actually on his way thither, when Peter Birley arrived, at a hard canter, at Mount Kennedy; so that the baronet missed the information which that learned person intended to communicate regarding Alice and the abduction.

When Kennedy arrived at Culzean, he found Master Ramsay in the receipt of a letter which he had received express from General Dalzel, requiring him to repair to the town of Aire with such of the tenantry, on his own estate or otherwise, as he could raise, to join the King's forces; and the advocate was making ready, not to summon his tenantry, for that he knew was a needless task, but to proceed solus to head quarters, and represent to Dalzel the



futility of attempting to raise troops, among a peasantry more disposed to wage war on the other side of the question.

Sir Ludowic accompanied his friend to Aire, where the General, learning the name and rank of the baronet, did him the honour to require his services, and gave him the command of a troop of horse from the borders—an honour, by the way, which our hero, as a Scottish gentleman, bearing the King's commission, could not decline. Next day, the King's troops advanced towards the mountains in pursuit of the insurgents.

After the declaration of the Solemn League and Covenant in Laneric churchyard, the malcontents soon became convinced of the superior force which Dalzel had collected, and was marching against them. During the short time they had been in the field, their exertions in mustering their adherents had been astonishing; for although pent up in the moorlands, they had nevertheless assembled nearly 1600 men, 800 of whom were mounted, and less or more familiar with the cavalry exercise of those days. Had the weather and the season of the year been more favourable, the force under Dalzel would have had a more formidable enemy to contend against. But forced prematurely into

the field by the magnitude of their wrongs—each man, almost, having some domestic grievance to redress—misguided by the enthusiasm of their ministers, and further misled by the promises of real and pretended partisans, it may be said they madly rushed upon destruction.

But they were not unconscious of their situation. Frenzied as their preachers were, they were not without leaders of greater coolness and discernment. Shortly before this crisis, they had drawn to their measures a gentleman of the name of Wallace, of an honourable family, and of some military reputation. Of his former history it is not necessary, for the purposes of this narrative, to speak particularly; but he was of strict Presbyterian principles, a native of, and a proprietor of a large estate in, the county of Aire. He had felt the disabilities which the government had imposed upon his religion, and the hardships which his tenantry and those of the same sentiments everywhere suffered for conscience' sake. Daily witnessing these indignities and cruelties, he had easily been induced to assume the command of the malcontents.

But Colonel Wallace was *nominally* only their leader. By far the most active among

the lay Presbyterians were John M'Whirter and Hugh Peebles, now roused into one of the fiercest of the party by the ruin which had been visited upon his farm, and by the dispersion of his family. To these we may add Major Sarney, who was now a counsellor at every conference, and a busy promoter of the cause.

John M'Whirter was an enthusiast, we grant; but he was neither a fanatic nor a madman. Every word he uttered, and every act of his life, proved that the supremacy of the Presbyterian religion in Scotland was the undivided wish of his heart. He had fought during the former reign for this object. For this he had braved the resentment of the Estates of the Scottish parliament. For this had he bled at Inverlochie, under the Marquis of Argyle; and for this, also, had he been wounded at the battle of Selkirk, which at one blow put an end to the exaggerated triumphs and much-trumpeted victories of Montrose. Inured to hardship, and familiar with the manners and oppressions of his communion, he reckoned no toil too great, no enterprise too daring, that might conduce to the restoration of the rights of the kirk, or banish prelacy from the kingdom. He mingled the sternness of a veteran soldier with the grave and so-

lemn air of a ruling elder ; for so incorporated had all his secular actions been with the influences of gospel zeal and the prevailing gloomy censoriousness of the times, that it was, at the first glance, difficult to determine whether he was more the warrior than the prophet — whether the rebel Rehoboam, or the Micaiah of Ramoth-Gilead.

Veteran, however, as he was, John M'Whirter, like the generality of his order, had more ardour than prudence, and was influenced more by passion and a gnawing sense of injury than became a wary commander. His personal wrongs were impressed too intensely upon his mind, so that he appeared willing to sacrifice every other consideration to the desire of expending his resentment in the field, and retaliating upon the King's troops the acts of cruelty that burned in his bosom.

He was a man now well-stricken in years, and the misfortunes of his youth, and the long career of civil contention he had run, had tended to interweave into general habits the bitter feelings of his unhappiest moments ; so that he appeared to the stranger as a combination of the darkest, and gloomiest, and most forbidding elements of humanity. Fifty-five years of a troublesome life had made little or no impres-



sion on a frame more than ordinarily athletic. His step was springy, and his arm and his aim as steady and sure as if he had been in his summer's prime. The countenance alone bespoke the years and the cares of John M'Whirter. The deep wrinkled brow—the cheek plaited, and tawnied in the sun and the frosts of the north—the small light-blue eye, twinkling beneath the silvery, bushy, pendant eyelash—the protruding lip, and the grey stunted beard, betrayed the lines of haughty and uncompromising defiance, in a soured and disappointed mind.

It was a face upon which fiery passion had long ebbed and flowed, and left its creases behind it, as the angry waves leave the marks of their lashes on the granite rock. Its outline was scorn, and turbulence, and enthusiasm. These were the chief ingredients in the Laird's character, and his face spoke them truly. But it only did so to the external observer, who had no opportunity of seeing it in retirement, in the bosom of confidence, or in the act of solitary devotion. Those who knew him best could testify how far compassion, and affection, and even humility, were imbedded in his composition; and how far, when unseen as he deemed by every earthly eye, he could pour out his

griefs, and his backslidings, and his offences, in the solemn tones of contrition, before the shrine of his Heavenly Father.

God knows, the furrows on his brow had not been indented by trivial wrongs. He had once been a happy husband and father, but now he was a widower, childless, and pennyless. He had lost two sons in the field; his younger and only brother had been shot dead by his side at Philiphaugh; his wife and three infant daughters had perished in cool blood in Argyleshire, in the promiscuous and merciless slaughterings of Montrose in that district; and the estate of Doonhaugh, out of which he had maintained an aged sister, and four of her orphan grandchildren, had been laid waste by a mandate of Middleton, the King's Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament.

But if, on the one hand, the impetuosity of John M'Whirter was tempered by the cooler judgment of Colonel Wallace, and the craftier experience of Sarney, it was fanned and inflamed by the boundless fanaticism of Glorifie Zioncloots. This man had mainly contributed to force the covenanters into the field so soon. He seemed but to live to see the godly at sword's points with the malignants; as if the spiritual weapons with which he had armed his

followers had been equal to the carnal armour and superior numbers of the enemy. He spoke of victory with the same confidence as if he had been narrating some past event, to which he had been an eye-witness. He uttered his predictions with the raptured and authoritative assurance of one inspired; and called upon the Almighty to avenge *his own cause*, with a familiar conviction that the Almighty could scarcely refuse doing so. Day after day he harangued the troops, and wasted that time which should have been spent in discipline, in spiritual wrestlings, uttered in terms little short of blasphemy, and evidently dictated by a mind aberrant, if not delirious.

When the covenanters learnt that Dalzel had moved with all his force, and was approaching the upper ward of Lanarkshire, they retreated towards the Lothians, conceiving that they would be able to augment their numbers from among the peasantry in that district. But the General gave them no leisure to recruit, for on the day after they had left Laneric, his advanced guard entered that place.

It was late in the evening when Sir Ludowic with his company reached this post. The men were tired; so that after learning the route of the malcontents, they retired to rest, to be able

to renew the pursuit in the morning. The quarters allotted the officer were a small thatched cottage in the outskirts of the village, consisting of one fireplace apartment, and a small closet or spence, divided by a slender deal partition from the other, and lighted by a small grate-work window. In this was a bed intended for Sir Ludowic, while his servants had choice of one in the kitchen, or upon the dry and warm flags of the hearth, the old woman to whom the cottage belonged giving them no interruption, and imposing on them no restrictions. Behind the house was a garden, that descended the sloping bank, at the summit of which the cottage stood. It was planted with fruit trees and various kinds of bushes, the leaves of which, though decayed, still clustered sufficiently upon the branches to obscure the bottom of the garden from the view of the small window, which otherwise overlooked the bank in all directions.

Sir Ludowic had retired to rest, and had slept as he conjectured several hours, when he was startled with the report of fire-arms in the vicinity of the cottage. He rose, and opening the lattice, looked out upon the dell below. But all was still, except the ceaseless song of Cora-Linn pouring its candescent waters over



the rock, in concert with the woods, which in the cold breeze of the morning were busy divesting themselves of their yellow leaves. The moon, far in the wane, threw her faint rays upon the bank, crowning the sharp-peaked hills in the distance with a thin robe of light, barely sufficient to distinguish them from the fantastic clouds that floated over them. All else, around and beneath, was motionless; and the explosion (if not the mere phantom of his slumbers) had not, it appeared, roused a trooper from his straw, or scared the sentinels in the village. He smiled at his weakness, and was about to lie down again, when the voice of Hobbes Jenkinson accosted him.

“There’s a firelock off nigh at hand here, your honour.”

“So methought I dreamt,” replied the Captain. “We must not be caught, Hobbes; so find the cause of it.”

The trooper shortly returned with the intelligence that the picquets had made no signals, and that the commandant’s guard had not been disturbed. At this instant, a double report at the closet window gave a truce to any doubts on the subject. The officer, who meanwhile had been standing in the kitchen, flew to his arms, while Jenkinson, who was better pre-

pared, darted towards the window, already shivered to pieces by the explosion, and discovering two men retreating to the bottom of the garden, levelled his carbine, and brought one of them to the ground. He who fell, however, quickly sprung to his feet again, and before the baronet and his servants had time to go round the gable of the house, the men had descended the ravine to the edge of the Clyde, into which they plunged, and soon disappeared among the thick copse that covered the opposite bank. Pursuit was fruitless, and who the persons were the officer could not divine; but that they intended to assassinate him could scarcely be doubted, when the aim and the lodgment of the balls came to be considered, both of which were found in the bed, and in the exact spot where but a few moments before he had lain.

But there was no time for investigation. Daylight had broke, and the bugles sounded to muster. Dalzel had arrived at the village with his conjoined forces, and orders to follow the insurgents were instantly given.

After a harassing march of upwards of thirty miles, and late in the afternoon, they overtook the Covenanters, drawn up in order of battle, on one of the sub-ridges of the Pentland hills,

within a few miles of Edinburgh. They also had endured a march of several miles, and had hastily put themselves in a fighting position, when they saw that the King's troops were resolved upon hazarding an engagement.

All day the heavens had poured out a delug of rain; and it hath been remarked that both of the belligerent parties considered this drenching to militate against them in an invidious degree. The King's troops complained that the rain and the long march had enfeebled both horse and foot, and that, *argal*, though they were superior in point of numbers, they were from this exhaustion nearly on a par with their antagonists in point of strength. The Covenanters, on the other hand, complained, that besides their defalcation in point of numbers, the sky had treated them equally scurvily, and that though their march had been shorter, they had been taken by surprise, and before they had becomingly intercommuned in the exercise of gospel ordinances to be prepared to go forth to battle—the more especially, as one of their spiritual standard-bearers, the famous Maister Gideon Lowinstane, while in the act of giving out the 119th Psalm, being thrown from his horse, was so severely bruised, as to be unable to proceed with the service. Deacon

Peerie, the suspected loyalist and episcopalian, whom we have already mentioned, used to observe upon this catastrophe of Maister Gideon's, that it could be no wonder the minister was dismounted, when it was considered that the jade of a dragoon on which he rode had never been taught, and was of course totally unacquainted with sacred music:—"For had Maister Lowinstane," the Deacon continued, "started wi' the tune o' 'Dumbarton drums,' or, 'Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae,' instead o' 'Old Jerusalem,' 'Bangor,' or the 'Hundredth Psalm,' or sic pieces o' sublime composition, whilk every ane admitted to be aboon eny untaught quadruped's understanding, he would hae been perfetely safe in his stirrups, indifferent horseman as he was."

The malcontents, we say, were drawn up upon a rising ground, prepared to meet the royal forces, which advanced upon them in three divisions. John M'Whirter, who commanded the left wing, eager to decide the contest, in the manner of the affair of Selkirk, charged upon the enemy with his Ayrshire yeomen, so unexpectedly, that he forced the division headed by Dalzel in person, and to which Sir Ludowic belonged, to retire in confusion, and with some loss. The attack by Doonhaugh was a signal



to Major Sarney, who led on the horse under his command to the charge, and likewise repulsed the left wing of the Royalists, which, in fact, was only protected from being cut to pieces by a regiment of infantry behind a stone wall, which opened so brisk and well-directed a fire upon the Major's dragoons, as forced them to abandon the vantage they had gained. M'Whirter's impetuosity was checked in nearly the same manner, by the superior force of Dalzel's infantry, and at last being obliged to sound a retreat, was charged by the horse, and driven beyond his first position with considerable slaughter. Colonel Wallace, who commanded the main division, part of which he had deployed to aid the right wing, was attacked in his turn by the centre of the Royalists, and although he fought bravely, and contested every step of the ground, his troops suffering from the fire of the foot, and conceiving themselves overpowered, and the other divisions repulsed, at last gave way, and fled in all directions. The Laird of Doonhaugh, whose division had been most successful in the first instance, could not induce his men to rally. Again and again he flew to their head, turned upon the enemy, and called upon his troops to make one effort more for God and the covenant. All was

in vain. The Ayrshire men thought only of themselves and fled. Still the old Covenanter was the last in the retreat. He courted danger in repeated personal rencounters with his pursuers, and many a stalwart trooper had felt the weight of his arm. At length, when driven before the King's troops, he and a few of his followers were pent up in a place formed by a stone wall on the one side, and a quagmire or swamp on the other, determined on making a brave stand for their lives. The rain fell in torrents, and the darkness had come on so rapidly, that but a small portion of the field could be seen, so that they had no means of knowing the state of their friends, or the exact direction in which their companions had retreated.

Here M'Whirter was resolved to throw down the glaive, and, if possible, fight his way to more favourable ground. A random shot had wounded him in the knee. Disabled as he was, however, he called to the few veterans who surrounded him, to follow his example; and scorning to accept of quarter, thought of nothing but one last desperate act of reprisal on the foes of the persecuted.

Among those who seemed to press most upon the hardy Covenanter, was Jack Blundle. He moved through the rain and the haze of the

evening, like the awful death-horse of the Apocalypse. He selected the Laird from among the forlorn hope that clung to him, as if conscious of his importance to the discomfitted—a consideration which, in the mind of so experienced a trooper as Blundle, amounted to something like a command from his Captain to do his best to number him with the slain. It seems that upon the successful rally of Dalzel's right wing, M'Whirter's exertions to resist the charge had not been unnoticed by Sir Ludowic, who in an attempt to cut his way through a small party that gallantly supported the Laird, had been slightly wounded on the wrist, and consequently obliged to retire. Hobbes Jenkinson, at the same moment, had also gone amissing; and Blundle, thinking his master's wound mortal, or at least worse than it was, and conceiving also that his comrade, Hobbes, had been at last sent to his account, resolved on taking vengeance, in the most ample manner, on the blue bonnet and grey locks of John M'Whirter.

But he met with an antagonist of more iron muscle than he expected. The Laird returned the strokes of Blundle with an impetuosity that made the steel casque and cuirass of the trooper rattle to his bones; but having the dis-

advantage in point of ground, and his horse at the same time stumbling, from the spongy nature of the swamp, he lost his guard, and received a mortal stroke upon the corslet, which made horse and rider reel into the centre of the quagmire. But as if the last agonies of nature had only served to arouse a more deadly sense of retaliation, and fortify the hand with a more fatal aim, the dying Laird clenched a pistol as he fell, and pointing it at his antagonist lodged the fatal ball in his brains. He fell lifeless by his side. M'Whirter's horse struggling to extricate itself, buried its owner's body the deeper in the swamp, where as far as we understand, his remains still lie. Indeed we are told by the precious Maister Kirkton, in his *authentic* history, that for a long time after this tragic event, a fire was seen in the dark nights to rise from the identical spot where the Laird of Doonhaugh was killed; and that twenty days after the battle, two merchants of Haddinton saw, *on a Saturday night*, the apparitions of four men, in gray clothes and blue bonnets, standing round a *dead* corpse lying swaddled in a winding-sheet, but whether they were lamenting over the body of the defunct Covenanter the deponents could not say.



While thus ended the career of John M'Whirter, whose unyielding spirit had preserved him from the odium of having his old bones exalted upon the tolbooths of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aire, as trophies of the triumphs of prelacy, Colonel Wallace, and Major Sarney made a safe retreat. Favoured by the pitchy darkness of the night, they were enabled to lead off their discomfitted forces; and had the courage of the common soldiers not been damped with the fears of irretrievable defeat, the loss upon the whole was so trifling, that they might have rallied in a better position next morning. But beaten alike by the Royalists and the elements—equally destitute of confidence and provisions, no sooner did the thick mantle of night cover them, than they scattered in all directions, each man more anxious than another to shake off the trammels of war, and seek a shelter nearer his home among the hills.

Sarney kept his men together as long as possible, and oftentimes at much personal risk; and among those, who in conjunction with himself was most resolute in stemming the pursuit, Hugh Peebles was distinguished. Hugh had neither the nerve nor the daring of his rela-

tive M<sup>c</sup>Whirter; yet he was cool, prudent, and not without a sort of stubborn courage, which on this occasion had more than once been put to the proof. At the first charge upon the Royalists he and a few more were separated from the main body; so that when the unexpected musketry of the infantry forced his division to retrograde, he and the rest, not comprehending the order, and not perceiving the motion of their comrades, were left in a kind of hollow or natural trench, nearly surrounded by the King's troops. Presently a party of dragoons charged upon them, and in the assault Peebles was dismounted, and to a certainty would have been taken prisoner (in which latter case *part* of his bones only would have slept in Coil) had not Will Waterstane opportunely tendered him his horse, and standing up to his knees in water, kept two of the troopers at bay till his master had mounted and cleared the defile.

It was fortunate for the shepherd, that the drenching rain had rendered the pistols of his antagonists useless. But, even independent of these, he had to maintain a desperate running fight on foot. He had wounded two of the soldiers who pursued him, and had disabled the horse of a third, who had manœuvred

more warily, when a fourth came up, against whom he had no chance—he was fresh, while the shepherd was exhausted, so that he had slight difficulty in cutting him to the ground.

“Coward, take *that!*” exclaimed the bleeding borderer, throwing at the dragoon a heavy holster pistol, which he had all along borne in his left hand.

Of more than natural propulse was the dying throw of the champion of the border games, for the weapon fracturing the trooper’s skull, tumbled him headlong on the green sward.

“I forgie ye, noo,” said Waterstane, as he fixed his glassy eyes on the outstretched corpse of the other,—“I forgie ye noo, for my last wish is granted!” and he sunk his head upon his breast, and expired. The dragoon who had given this powerful peasant his mortal blow, and had received his own in return, was Corporal Bullwinkle!

On the succeeding morning many of the Covenanters were made prisoners. Those who were taken in arms, among the commoner class, were subjected to martial law, and shot accordingly. Others of a higher order were reserved for a higher tribunal, which, in most

instances, awarded them a similar fate. Not a few, however, effected their escape. Those who were unknown, returned quietly to their homes, while others who were suspected, escaped death in the battle, to starve in the glens and fastnesses, amid cold and want; while the King's troops overran the disaffected districts as before, carrying awe and havoc into the most secluded wilds, and torturing and despoiling the peasantry, with more remorseless tyranny than ever.

Of the ministers, Lowinstane alone fell into the hands of Government; he was conveyed to Edinburgh, and died in prison, during the drawing out of his indictment for High Treason, to the great grief of the Public Prosecutor. Zioncloots, when he saw the day was lost, aided by Peebles, made his escape to the moors, and, in his lucid intervals, consoled himself with the belief that, though the enemy had prevailed, there was yet redemption in Israel.

Maister Samuel Sourface was the only one of the ordained, but unindulged brethren, who ended his days on the spot. On the ensuing morning he was found dead, and nearly covered with water, in a dell within a few hun-



dred yards of the field of battle—the “last of his fields.” It is supposed that his confidence in victory had induced him to keep a close position in the rear, as long as possible, and that when he found flight to be unavoidable, he had, instead of following the multitude on the broad way of the retreat, strayed in the direction of the dell, and owing to the darkness, had fallen over one of the jutting shelves that abound in such places. The fall had not been far, but it was enough for the old pastor. A bruise upon the head and another upon the knee had stunned him, and the rain and the night air had done the rest. In his skirt-pocket was found his inseparable companion—the bible, the brass clasp of it broken, as if symbolical of the heart and fortunes of its owner; and two leaves folded down, somewhere about the last verse of the eleventh chapter of Zechariah. The Confession of Faith, by the Westminster divines, was found in the other; and from his side-pocket, beside his silver-mounted snuff-box, was extracted a list, in his own hand-writing, of all the nonconforming clergy, to whose original pastoral charges it was the intention of the Covenanters to restore them, in the event of success. Maister Sourface, however, worthy

man, had miscalculated. The battle of Pentland-hills, instead of having "moderated a call," to these chosen ministers, had rather served to cool and "moderate" their hopes, by "calling" their representative to another, and, no doubt, a better world.

The friends of the pious minister found means, in spite of Dalzel, to have his remains conveyed privately to Aire, the early field of his spiritual labours. They were secretly interred in the old churchyard, at an angle of the wall next the river, none but a confidential number of his parishioners being made acquainted with the spot till a long time afterwards.

On an oblong freestone flag, over the grave, and which some years ago was legible enough, when cleared of the mould that covered it, was inscribed the following epitaph. It is said to have been written after the Revolution, by one of the deceased's successors in the ministry, a man of singular genius and attainments, but not more remarkable for his learning than his piety.

Under this simple flag, some four feet odds,  
(Reader prepare! it soon may so be your case)  
Here lyes an martyr o' y<sup>e</sup> CAUSE, an' eke of God's,—  
I mean y<sup>e</sup> Reverend Maister Samuel Sourface.

He was ane altar's horn in troublous times,  
A standard tree, but now, alake! his bloom's by;  
Reader, dry up your tears an' mark these lines,  
Ye'll see him rise again, gif ye be here on Domesday.\*

\* We have been told by our particular friend, Gules Escutcheon, F.R., and A.SS., of Edinburgh, that this ingenious and characteristic Epitaph hath been often imitated, and contains within it, most of the point and antithesis that are to be found in the innumerable tombstone inscriptions of Scotland, those, especially, that have been penned in later times. Although we do not altogether agree with our antiquarian friend, still we must confess that our own opinion has a considerable leaning to the same way.

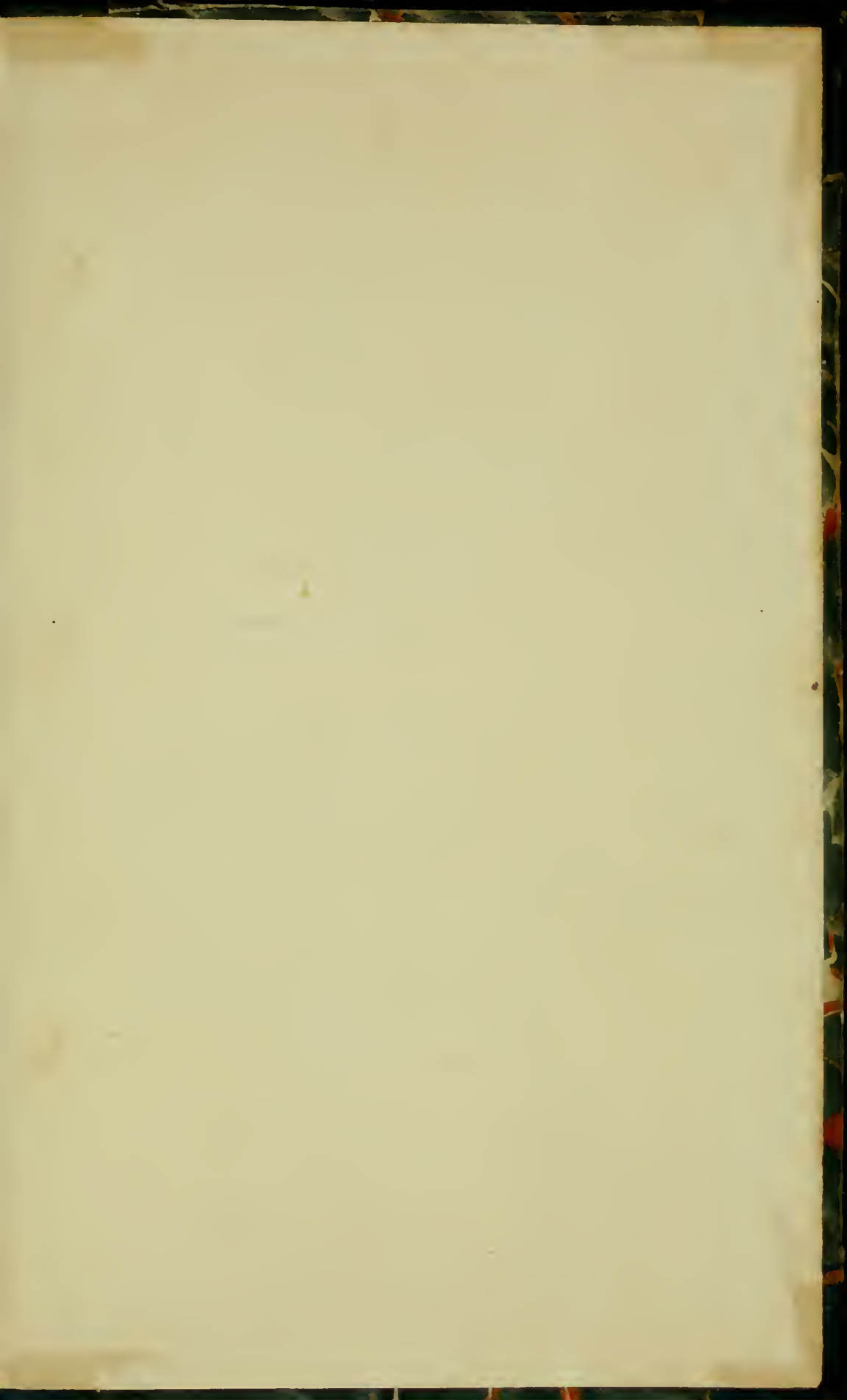
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